

JANUARY, 1888.

The Congregational Review

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EDITED BY THE

REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A.

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A. D. 1888.

"WHICH THE FATHER HATH PUT IN HIS OWN POWER."

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, *which the Father hath put in His own power.*"—Acts i. 7.

I AM glad THE FATHER knew thee
Before all Time began ;
That it pleased Him to endue thee
With purpose in His plan.

I am glad the roll of ages
Hath brought thee to the earth ;
That the Father's love engages
To guard thy holy birth.

I am glad to know He knoweth
Thy journey all the way ;
'Twill be joy to know He showeth
Thy course from day to day.

I am glad thou wilt not travel
Beyond His careful ken ;
That thy life will help unravel
The Father's love for men.

I am glad thy "times and seasons,"
Each darker, brighter hour
Are put, for the best of reasons,
Within the Father's power.

I am glad I am not able
Thy secrets to disclose ;
But it makes my joy more stable
To know the Father knows.

So, though "times and seasons" alter,
And write strange histories,
I am glad I need not falter
Before thy mysteries.

Nay, let me rejoice the rather,
And go from grace to grace,
Because I have seen the Father,
Seen Him in Jesus' face.

And that face of His revealeth
A love so true and wise ;
I know it is love concealeth
The hidden from mine eyes.

So I bless the love that hideth
The blessings yet to be ;
For a love like that abideth,
And Love is life to me.

P. GRANT.



ON THE DEEPENING OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THE "higher Christian life" is a phrase which needs careful definition, if only that it may be rescued from the discredit into which it has fallen as the result of misrepresentations of its character, which are only too current. It certainly does not consist in sentiment. However exalted in tone and beautiful in spirit, mere sentiment, feeding on everything that excites and stimulates emotion, dwelling in a region of its own and priding itself on its own exceptional spiritual experiences, with a lofty scorn of reason, and with but little of practical consecration—is not true spirituality. Nor is it merely a life of outward separation from the world, the root principle of which is that self-mortification is in itself acceptable unto God, and whose service to Him consists largely in ascetic observances practised under the idea that there is something unspiritual in the world. Nor is it a life of perpetual attendance on what

are called religious services. There may doubtless be a germ of truth in all these representations. There can be no religion without devout sentiment, and that needs to be nourished both in the closet and in the sanctuary. The evil comes when feeling does not translate itself into practical goodness, or when forms are regarded as religion instead of being merely its aids and ministers. So also is there need for self-restraint. The conquest of self, and its subordination to the will of God, is the great business of the Christian life, and it can never be accomplished except by discipline, but the discipline is not in itself the end. It is simply the means to its attainment.

The higher Christian life, in truth, is holiness, and holiness is godliness. It includes the other parts of the service, which God requires from man—doing justly, and loving mercy—but in itself it is walking humbly with God. There is a solemn majesty which attaches to the word itself, since it is an attribute which is specially distinctive of the Divine character, "Holy, holy, holy, art Thou, Lord God Almighty." But this is not to prevent us from setting it before our mind and heart as the ideal after which we strive. We are to be "imitators of God as dear children." Holiness means the absolute and undisputed supremacy of the will of God over the entire life. It is a life of simple faith, clear spiritual vision, absolute trust, and more complete surrender to the will of God. At the heart of it is a more perfect and loving fellowship with God. The Father is no mere name, but a blessed and joyous reality to the soul. It walks in the light of God's countenance, and in that finds its supreme joy. There is no idea of personal worthiness, no pride in some exclusive privilege, as though the possessor belonged to a spiritual aristocracy,—only the calm, quiet confidence of a child to whom a father's love or a mother's tenderness is one of those established facts about which there is no room for uncertainty. Out of this confidence, and the love which it inspires, grows a simple and complete obedience. The saint or the holy man should, in truth, be the noblest type of humanity, full of sympathy with man because possessed by love to God, a pattern in every

relation of this world although his citizenship is in heaven. But the secret of all his goodness is that he walks humbly with his God, living in a constant sense of the Divine presence. He treats nothing in his daily life as beyond his province, too mean for his care, too secular to interest his thought or occupy his attention; rather, he ennobles and purifies all by bringing them under the control of the law of God. Thus Asaph describes his own life after he has vanquished the temptation which had well-nigh wrecked his faith, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsels." It is this which differentiates the godly life. It is a life given by God, inspired with Divine aims, governed by the Divine law, from first to last sustained by Divine grace. Such a life must be true, pure, noble, generous, and brave.

We often hear the question put, "How is this spiritual life to be deepened?" The way in which it is asked is often not very intelligent, and the answer given extremely unsatisfactory. Sometimes it seems to be suggested that there is some miraculous process by which this result may be secured. Apparently there is an idea that the deepening of spiritual life is something different than a growing in knowledge, in faith, in love, and in obedience to Jesus Christ. The question is asked as though holiness were some special privilege belonging to a select circle of Christ's followers, and not a great blessing within the reach of all who seek it in sincerity and faith. And it is asked, finally, as though it was a thing given, in a sense in which forgiveness of sin is bestowed, and in the attainment of which the individual himself had no part. Holiness is doubtless the gift of the grace of God, but it is bestowed on those who "work their own salvation with fear and trembling, because it is God which worketh in them."

The idea that holiness is a sudden transformation finds no countenance in the New Testament. Everywhere we are taught, and we devoutly acknowledge, that every good and perfect gift comes direct from God, but we are just as distinctly called to that life of conflict, sacrifice, daily effort, and continuous growth, without which we cannot rise to high spiritual excellence. Through much tribulation we

enter into the kingdom of God. Eternal life is the prize of those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality. "I (says Paul) keep my body under, and bring it into subjection;" and, in his exhortation to Timothy, he says, "Exercise thyself unto godliness." All this is contrary in spirit, as well as in letter, to the idea that holiness is some second blessing which comes suddenly and mysteriously to favoured souls, who are thus distinguished and separate from the ordinary mass of converted people. Every really converted man has entered on the path of holiness, and is daily to make fresh advances in it. It is perfectly true that it consists in an absolute surrender to the will of Christ, but that surrender itself is the result of continuous struggle, in which Christ Himself gives the victory. All this does not abate, is not intended in the slightest degree to lessen, the sense of absolute dependence of the soul on Christ for every separate advance in the spiritual life, from the first appearance of the tender blade to the ripening of the full corn in the ear. It is meant only to enforce the pressure of personal obligation. It proceeds on the principle that there is no arbitrary distinction between Christians, but that all alike are called to be saints, and that, if they are not growing in holiness, there is no evidence that they are the children of God. Our simple desire is to redeem a great truth from the dishonour done it by a feeble sentimentalism or a dangerous mysticism, and bring it back to the region of sound interpretation, and ordinary Christian experience.

Miss Havergal has written—

Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by effort of thine own,
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of grace alone.

God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow;
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

Nothing need be more tender and beautiful than that,
but it is certainly not to be accepted as a complete state-

ment of doctrine in relation to this great question. In such a doubtful attempt to put theology into poetry, or to get theology out of poetry, great injustice may be done to the writer, and still greater injustice sometimes to the truth, for theology requires that its definition should be more exact, its terms more precise and accurate, its distinctions more clear, and sometimes its qualifications more plainly marked. It is, in fact, impossible to get the whole of a theological truth into a verse. We are taught here that holiness comes by faith in Jesus; no man who believes in the New Testament can controvert it. There is a Divine life which a man cannot obtain for himself, and cannot support by any energy or sacrifice of his own. But, while that is true, it is equally true that God calls us, in order to the attainment of this blessing, to the exercise of faith, to the struggle with evil, to a continuous progress in holiness.

There is no royal road to anything which is really great and noble. The lesson is taught by all history and all experience, and it underlies all the teaching of the New Testament as to the need of watchfulness and diligence in Christian life. Genius has been defined as a supreme capacity for taking pains, and this is true in every department of life. The true Napoleon organizes victory. He believes that it will reward wise foresight, the careful comparison of the opposing armies so that his measures may be suited to the immediate necessity, the patient training of the soldier for his work, the massing of forces at the threatened points. It was thus that Moltke conquered France. He trusted nothing to happy accident, the victory he won was the result of the efficiency of his preparation and the skill of his strategy. So in other fields of work. Truly has Longfellow sung—

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not achieved by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Yes—toil, sometimes wearying and disappointing, always taxing the energies of mind and body—the toil of the

earnest, the resolute, the unflinching and undismayed, is the condition of progress. It is so in the spiritual as in the natural life. God works in us that we may work, and as we yield to the Divine impulse so do we rise to higher attainments in the Divine life. They are not less the gift of God, because they come as the fruit of faithful obedience to His call to make our calling and election sure. Again quoting Longfellow's words, it may be truly said—

Our common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend ;
 The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less,
 The revel of the ruddy wine
 And all occasions of excess ;
 The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth,
 The hard'ning of the heart that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;
 All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will ;
 All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.
 We have not wings, we cannot soar,
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

That is a great lesson. Would that we could learn it fully, and translate it into practice. When Paul bids Timothy "exercise thyself to godliness," he doubtless had in view the long and painful discipline by which the athlete trained himself for the Olympic contests. Is there something corresponding to this in the spiritual life? How gladly would numbers accept a guidance which would save them from the exercise of thought. But it cannot be. Spiritual life must grow freely. There are manuals of devotion in abundance, but they will never make a

solitary saint. They lay down plans of mechanical discipline and mechanical discipline only, but here we are dealing with a great spiritual reality, and between the mechanical and spiritual there is little affinity. Any true desire for the spiritual must, in the very nature of things, be spontaneous. It is a bubbling over of the soul's own emotion. It is impossible to kindle the emotion, much more to develop the passionate desire into which it grows, by any process of mechanical arrangement. So many chapters or verses of the Bible to be read, so many prayers to be said in certain words at certain hours, so many acts of self-mortification to be observed on special days and particular seasons! Can any man suppose that these will fill the heart with holy love?

Then it is a characteristic of the spiritual that it should have individuality. No two souls are exactly alike. If there be a reality and depth of feeling, it is perfectly certain that no two souls will, even in the growth of godliness, present exactly the same form of development. No two of the illustrious heroes of the Church are precisely alike. Paul and Barnabas were both godly men, but there is an individuality about them, and Peter is as distinct from John, both being godly men, as Paul is from Barnabas. Timothy was Paul's disciple, and Paul guided and instructed him, but it is perfectly certain that Timothy was altogether different from Paul. Mere mechanism would repress an individuality, and clothe piety in a dreary uniformity, as lacking in heart as in beauty. Devotional manuals will never inspire enthusiasm, rather is it their tendency to strangle the freedom, without which it soon perishes. They may train very correct people, but no enthusiasts. If we desired only to have Christians of the class of 'drawing-room soldiers, who are admirable on parade with their accoutrements in perfect condition, their discipline perfect and precise to the last degree—that may be accomplished. Drill will make martinets, or men obedient to the will of martinets, but cannot make dashing leaders and brave followers. It cannot give *élan* to the one or courage to the other, and these are the very

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qualities the Church needs. We want men with a faith which no difficulties can appal and a love which no waters can quench—veritable enthusiasts who have not the word “impossible” in their vocabularies. No discipline can manufacture them. They must be inspired of God, and the fire once kindled must be kept ever burning on the altar. There may be the most perfect machine, an engine finished as no engine was ever finished before it, but if there be nothing but the screws and the wheels and the piston, or if there be not the fire to generate the steam, of what value will the engine be? So the essence of true godliness must be a soul possessed with holy passion. No laws, no system, can ever provide a substitute for that.

There is need for extreme caution in speaking upon all such points, because there are two extremes, and while we avoid the one it is equally necessary we do not rush into the other. Because forms are not everything, it does not at all follow that forms are nothing; because outward services are not godliness, and cannot themselves make men godly, it does not follow that they may not be very important aids, appliances, and helps, of which a man needs to avail himself. Some think that their religion is complete in the gorgeous ceremony. They are very fond of singing, and talk as though the pleasure derived from exquisite music were religious. They go into raptures over beautiful services, as if these services were anything more than mere outward things, except as they minister to the fire of love in the soul itself. What is this but a return to the beggarly elements of the world, involving the loss of the spirit and power of the gospel.

But we need just as much to beware of the spirit which is abroad that makes light of forms and service altogether. These things will not make us holy. We may keep Sunday with great care; we may be present at the house of God, and present constantly as a matter of conscientious obligation, first to God and then to the Church to which we belong; we may have our closets and sanctuaries, and yet not be holy men. But it would be very rash to conclude that the spiritual life is inde-

pendent of such helps. A man is not godly simply because he sings hymns, or goes to Church, or gives money to collections. All these things may be ministers to godliness; they cannot produce nor can they be a substitute for it, but they may aid in its development, or be outward signs of its power. If they stand alone they are miserable things; yet he must have some exceptional amount of spiritual strength who can treat them as needless for him. A man says, "All days should be alike holy. Why should there be special sanctity on Sundays? Why talk of a 'Lord's day'? I want to serve God every day, and to sanctify all days to Him." There is truth in this, and truth which it is sometimes necessary to emphasize. Yet these hours of separation from the common work of the world, are they not necessary and valuable? There are few tendencies which need to be resisted with greater jealousy than this disposition to sweep our Sundays into the common days of the week, to efface all distinctions, and to treat them as though they were just in the same category as Saturday or Monday, the only difference being that we must work on Saturday or Monday, whereas on Sunday we are free to attend the house of God, or to sleep or idle as we will. It is well that we should strive to spiritualize every day, but it is a strange mode to attain this to begin by secularizing the one day which is set apart for meditation and worship. A miserable exercise of Christian liberty would this be. May it not rather be described as a lawlessness, which takes no account of its spiritual wants, if only it can assert its contempt of all forms. We need our Sundays, we need the stimulus of united worship, we need the quickening of true and stirring speech, we need, in short, to seek in God's house something of that influence which may lift us nearer to God. It is very possible to make so little of form that by and by we may come to lose the spirit also. The form is not the power, and there are too many evidences that it may be so abused as to quench the spirit. The remedy is not disuse, but wise and discriminating use. The soul needs such servants. It is for us to take care that they do not become tyrants.

Passing from these helps to spiritual life to that life itself, it seems almost a truism to say that in order to its being strengthened there must be very distinct conceptions of that life itself. We must know after what we are seeking, or we are not likely to attain it. Godliness, as we have seen, is a state of heart and character. Spirituality is love, having its perfect work in simple and trustful obedience. It means a sympathy with God's thoughts, a consciousness of God's presence, a recognition of God's will in its universal supremacy, and a trust in Him for grace to get that will done on earth as in heaven. What this is we are to seek by a devout and intelligent study of Scripture. It is to be feared that there is far too little reading the Scripture, and that of that reading much is not intelligent, and therefore not really devout. The Bible is too often converted into a fetish instead of being regarded as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. It is not a dead book which we are to read as a duty. Rather is it a living friend to be consulted with a practical aim. No doubt we may find in it interest and instruction everywhere, but surely there are parts of the Holy Scripture specially adapted to minister to godliness. The unfolding of the Divine life of Christ, His own words of love and wisdom, the revelation of Christ in the teaching of the apostles, the outbursts of devotion in the psalms and in the prophets, have an inspiration and teaching for our daily life. They bring us into a fuller knowledge of God, and "in them we think we have eternal life, because [they testify of Christ."

But there is many a problem of which it may be truly said that the solution has not been found until we pass out of the region of speculation into that of practice. Do, and there will sometimes be more wisdom come from an hour's doing than from a great deal of study. There is no truer secret for the deepening of the spiritual life than this—seek to live godly in Christ Jesus. A question starts up in the course of commercial or political life. We read about it, or hear it debated. Our interest or our prejudice is one side, and on that side, too, is the clamour of opinion round us. But for the spiritual

man there is a higher question—What is God's will so far as we can learn it from His Word? It may be very painful and unpleasant for us to do that will; it may involve the sacrifice of a great many cherished notions, and, perhaps, more than notions, but God's will must be supreme. And every act of obedience, every conquest of self, every bold defiance of popular opinion when it comes in collision with God's will, every brave and faithful testimony to truth, every generous manifestation of sympathy with man for Christ's sake, marks a point of advance. Here, then, is the law for the whole life. We are to live as we pray, and our prayer is: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Is it hard to learn what that will is? The ten commandments set before us what we regard as the law of common morality. But, if we take 1 Cor. xiii., which cannot be too frequently read, since it embodies the law of the New Testament, it carries us into a region altogether different from that of Sinai. We are come to Mount Zion, and it is the seat of the empire of love. What a wonderful ideal of Christian character is there presented to us. It marks the stature of the full-grown man. What grandeur of thought and feeling is here! What tenderness and sympathy! What broad and generous consideration for all men! Here, surely, is the standard by which to test our spiritual life. Have we the love which suffers wrong and is kind, which never knows what it is to utter a bitter, biting, and unfriendly word, which never indulges an envious thought, or harbours an ungenerous suspicion, or unworthy prejudice, and whose courtesy of manner only reflects its purity and tenderness of heart? Have we the love that is gentle and gracious and patient; that is ever ready to communicate, and find a joy in communicating; that rejoiceth with the truth, and is willing to make every sacrifice for the truth? Have we the love which is full of sympathy with sorrow, which pities even the sinner, and can show men something of the Divine patience, which waits, and watches, and toils on in its Christ-like effort to save men, unwearied by disappointment? Have we, in short, the love whose impassioned devotion to Christ constrains us to love and work for His brethren?

What a noble man would he be who rose to that ideal, who even approached it. Alas! the melancholy fact is that men not only fall far below it, but can reconcile themselves to the constant breach of that great law of love, and yet fancy that they are godly and eminently spiritual. How unlike this pattern are we all! Are we even striving to be like it? True, there are many things in our life that are opposed to it. Feverish unrest, incessant activity or pseudo activity, absorption in petty cares and details, even of religious things, rigid formalism, personal conceit or self-seeking ambition. All these are in the way of that quiet meditation, that holy fellowship, that communion with God, without which we cannot grow in godliness. But greater is He who is for us than all the forces which can be against us. God comes near to us, calls us near to Him. There is no promise of help which we can need that He has not given; there is no barrier of approach to Him; so that the way into His presence chamber is open to each of us, to all of us, under all conditions, and at all times. We may ever be speaking to God, and with this assurance, that the feeblest word, nay, the faintest sigh that goes up to Him will not be lost. We can speak to Him even in our business, in our social intercourse, in every scene of common life. It may be that there is a temptation to a self-consciousness, self-satisfaction, self-assertion, or to weakness and cowardice, prompting us to follow a multitude to do evil. But even then, the heart may rise to God. We may be assailed by temptation in the counting-house or the workshop, the drawing-room or the polling-booth, but the desire winged to heaven for Divine help will strengthen us to overcome.

We may be so trained that there shall not be a single hour in the day in which we do not, one way or another, speak to God. But in order to maintain this as the normal state of the soul there must be hours of quiet and meditation, in which our strength is renewed by fellowship with heaven. An impetuous rush through the world, to the exhaustion of nerve and strength, is not profitable to others, is dangerous to ourselves. Some men are called to special service, and they must trust to God for help to

enable them to do it, even though it may involve an undue strain of heart, and mind, and body. But these are the few. For the most part we can have these pauses in the whirl of life, and we should take care to secure them. In the study of the great and noble men who have lived for God; above all, in the study of Christ Himself, and in fellowship with Him, the soul will acquire a new fervour and new strength. We can all be better men if we will. God means us to be better, and our loving Master has promised that He will ever be with us, and in Him we shall become better.

For me to live is Christ. There is the ideal of spiritual life. Christ is its author and finisher. Christ is the fountain from which all its inspiration flows. Christ the law and the strength of its entire being. It begins when the soul learns to put its trust in Him, it is complete when the soul is filled with all His fulness. It is life through Him, in Him, for Him, to Him. Its one note is consecration—a joyous consecration to Him who “loved me and gave Himself for me.” To the extent to which we are “apprehended”—possessed—by Christ shall we make true increase in the Divine life. So may Christ be formed in us the hope of glory.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABRE.

THE poet, by a law of his nature, is compelled to open his heart to us; when he plans to conceal himself most securely, he is making the thing he would hide most clear to us. Shakespeare is the most impersonal of poets, and yet no poet has made us understand more clearly the conditions under which, in his view, this human life of ours is lived; while of Byron, who

bore
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
Through Europe to the Aetolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart,

* We are indebted for this article to *The Andover Review*, from which it is abridged.

and of many another of his temperament, we possess the fullest and most trustworthy knowledge. But the poet tells our secret as frankly as he tells his own. We are irresistibly drawn to him not only because he gives us his view of things, the substance of his personal life, but because he makes ourselves clear and comprehensible to us. It is our thought in his words which has such power to bring back the vision which has faded off the horizon of life and left it bare and empty; to restore the vigour of faith and the clearness of insight which have failed us because we have not trusted them. It is this restoration of our truest selves to us which gives the great poets such power over us, and makes their great works at once so remote and so familiar. In its most characteristic singers, each age finds itself searched to the very bottom of its consciousness. The scientists tell us something of our time, the philosophers, the critics, and the writers of discursive mind more, but the poet alone knows the secret of its joys or its sorrows, its activity or its repose, its progress or its retrogression. All these things enter vitally into his life, and in giving expression to his own thought he gives them form and substance. We learn more of the heart of Mediævalism from Dante than from all the historians; more of the England of Elizabeth from Shakespeare than from all the chroniclers; and the future will find the essential character of America of the last half century more clearly revealed in Emerson and Lowell and Whitman than in all the industrious recorders who were their less penetrating contemporaries.

Robert Browning offers us a double revelation: he discloses the range and the affinities of his own nature, and the large and significant thought of his time concerning those matters which form the very substance of its life. Burns drove his ploughshare through his own native soil, singing as he went, and the daisy blossomed in the furrow and the lark sang overhead; but Browning takes the whole world as his field, and harvests every sort of product which goes to the sustenance of men. A poet of such wide range and such well-nigh universal insight demands much of his readers, and must wait patiently for their acceptance of his

claims. He offers that which necessitates a peculiar training before it can be received.

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If Browning's genius has remained long unrecognized and unhonoured among his contemporaries, the frequent harshness and obscurity of his expression must not bear the whole responsibility. His thought holds so much that is novel, so much that is as yet unadjusted to knowledge, art, and actual living, that its complete apprehension even by the most open-minded must be slow and long delayed. No English poet ever demanded more of his readers, and none has ever had more to give them. Since Shakespeare no maker of English verse has seen life on so many sides, entered into it with such intensity of sympathy and imagination, and pierced it to so many centres of its energy and motivity. No other has so completely mastered the larger movement of modern thought on the constructive side, or so deeply felt and so adequately interpreted the modern spirit. It is significant of his insight into the profounder relations of things that Browning has also entered with such characteristic thoroughness of intellectual and spiritual kinship into Greek and Italian thought; has rendered the serene and noble beauty of the one into forms as obviously true and sincere as "Cleon," and the subtle and passionate genius of the other into forms as characteristic as "The Ring and the Book."

A mind capable of dealing at first hand with themes so diverse evidently possesses the key to that universal movement of life in which all race activities and histories are included, not by violent and arbitrary adjustment of differences, but by insight into those deep and vital relations which give history its continuity of revelation and its unity of truth. It is a long road which stretches from the *Oedipus* of Sophocles to "Pippa Passes," but if Browning's conception of life is true, it is a highway worn by the feet of marching generations, and not a series of alien and antagonistic territories, each unrelated to the other. The continuity of civilization and of the life of the human spirit, widening by an inevitable and healthful process of

growth and expansion, evidently enters into all his thought and gives it a certain repose even in the intensity of passionate utterance. Whatever decay of former ideals and traditions his contemporaries may discover and lament, Browning holds to the general soundness and wholesomeness of progress, and finds each successive stage of growth not antagonistic but supplementary to those which have preceded it. His view of life involves the presence of those very facts and tendencies which a less daring and less penetrating spiritual insight finds full of disillusion and bitterness. Though all the world turn pessimist, this singer will still drink of the fountain of joy, and trace the courses of the streams that flow from it by green masses of foliage and the golden glory of fruit. To carry in one's soul the memory of what Greece was and wrought in her imperishable arts, the memory of the mighty stir which broke the sod of Mediævalism and reclaimed the world for the springtide of the Renaissance, and yet to live serenely in perpetual presence of the Ideal in our confused and turbulent modern life, involves a more fundamental insight than most of our poets possess. For the majority safety is to be found only in tillage of the acres that lie warm and familiar under a native sky; to travel among strange races and hear strange tongues, confuses, perplexes, and paralyzes; the world is too vast for them. Life has expanded so immeasurably on all sides that only the strongest spirits can safely give themselves up to it. Of these sovereign natures it is Browning's chief distinction that he is one; that he asserts and sustains the mastery of his soul over all knowledge; that instead of being overwhelmed by the vastness of modern life he rejoices in it as the swimmer rejoices when he feels the fathomless sea buoyant to his stroke and floats secure with the abysses beneath and the infinity of space overhead. No better service certainly can the greatest mind render humanity to-day than just this calm reassurance of its sovereignty in a universe whose growing immensity makes its apparent insignificance so painfully evident; no prophet could bring to us a message so charged with consolation as this. To see clearly

and love intensely whatever was just and noble and ideal in the past, to understand the inevitable changes that have come over the thoughts and lives of men, to discern a unity of movement through them all, to find a deepening of soul in art and life, to bear knowledge and know that it is subordinate to character, to look the darkest facts in the face and discern purpose and love in them, to hold the note of triumph and hope amid the discordant cries of terror and perplexity and despair—this is what Browning has done and is doing; and for this service, no matter what we think of his art, those who are wise enough to know what such a service involves will not withhold the sincerest recognition.

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Life is the one great fact which art is always endeavouring to express and illustrate and interpret, and art is the supreme and final form in which life is always striving to utter itself. Greek art was, within its limitations, nobly complete, because Greek life attained a full and adequate development; and Greek life being what it was, the beauty and harmony of Greek art were inevitable. The truths and forces which determine the quality of life are always wrought out, or find channels for themselves, through individuals; and the individual temperament, adaptation, genius, always adds to the expression of truth that quality which transforms it into art. Now, of this subtle relation of personality to life and art, Browning has, of all modern poets, the clearest and most fruitful understanding. It is involved in his fundamental conception of life and art, and in its illustration his genius has lavished its resources. The general order of things no less than the isolated individual experience become comprehensible to him when it is seen that through personality the universe reveals itself, and in the high and final development of personality the universe accomplishes the immortal work for which the shining march of its suns and the ebb and flow of its vital tides were ordained.

To say this is to say that Browning is a philosopher as well as a poet, and that his verse, instead of lending itself

to the lyric utterance of isolated emotion, becomes the medium through which the universal harmony of things is translated into song. It would not be difficult to indicate the sources from which Browning has received intellectual impulses of the highest importance; but his thought of life as it lies revealed in his work, although allied to more than one system, is essentially his own. Of all English poets he is the most difficult to classify, and his originality as a thinker is no less striking. It is true of him, as of most great thinkers, that his real contribution to our common fund of thought lies not so much in the disclosure of entirely new truths as in fresh and fruitful application of truths already known; in a survey of life complete, adequate, and altogether novel in the clearness and harmony with which a few fundamental conceptions are shown to be sovereign throughout the whole sphere of being. It is not too much to say of Browning that of all English poets he has rationalized life most thoroughly. In the range of his interests and the scope of his thought he is a man of Shakespearean mould. If his art matched Shakespeare's we should have in him the realization of Emerson's dream of the poet-priest, "a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration." The philosopher in Browning sometimes usurps the functions of the artist, and the thought misses that flash and play of the shaping imagination which would have given it the elusive poetic quality. But for the most part it is the artist who deals with the crude materials of life and gives them, not plastic, but dramatic unity and beauty. Other poets give us glimpses of the highest truth; Browning gives something near a complete vision of it. Shelley summons the elementary forces out of the formless depths, and they pass before us—ocean, sky, wind, and cloud—as they passed by Prometheus ages ago; Keats recalls the vanished loveliness "of marble men and maidens overwrought, with forest branches and the trodden weed;" Wordsworth matches the evening star, moving solitary

along the edges of the hills, with a phrase as pure and high. But in Browning's wide outlook all these partial visions are included. He, too, can brood, with Paracelsus, over the invisible and fathomless sea of force, on whose bosom our little world floats like the shining crest of a wave; he, too, with Cleon, can summon back that perfection of form whose secret perished with the hands that could illustrate but never reveal it; he, too, with David, borne, he knows not how, from the vision of the far-off Christ, can feel nature throbbing with the beat of his own heart, and the very stars tingling in the sudden and limitless expansion of his own consciousness. If in all these varied insights and experiences he fails to secure the perfection of form with which each great poet matches his peculiar and characteristic message, there is certainly compensation in the immensity of outlook which includes these isolated scenes as a great landscape holds with its limits fertile field and sterile barrenness, glimpse of sea and depth of forest, familiar village street and remote mountain fastness, losing something of definiteness and beauty of detail from each, but gaining the sublimity and completeness of half a continent.

Browning's life and work have never been at odds, nor has there been any serious change in his methods and principles. Born in 1812, he published his first poem, "Pauline," in 1832, at the age of twenty. Since that time there has been an almost unbroken series of works coming from his hand; they have appeared at irregular intervals, but they evidently represent a continuous and harmonious unfolding of his life. He did not begin by trying his hand at various instruments, searching for that which should match his native gifts; nor did he grope among different themes for one that should vitalize his imagination. On the contrary, the dramatic quality of his genius discovers itself in "Pauline," from which, by a natural development, both the drama and the monologue of later years have been evolved; while in the matter of themes it is clear that he has never waited for the fitting and inspiring motive, but has vitalized, by the virile force

of his own nature, such subjects as have come to hand. Following the course of his development from "Pauline" through the dramas, the lyrics, the monologues, "The Ring and the Book," to "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day," no student of Browning can mistake the great lines of his thought, nor fail to see that thought has expanded out of thought until there lies in these varied and voluminous works an orderly and rational world of idea, emotion, and action. Nor will one have gone far without discovering that he is in a new world, and that the man who journeys beside him is in some sense a discoverer and explorer. Such an one may sometimes blaze his path in the enthusiasm and haste of the search, and leave for others the building of the highway which shall be easy to the feet of the multitude. Coming to manhood at a time when splendid dreams were in the minds of poets, and glowing prophecies on their lips, Browning held resolutely to the actual as he saw it about him; that noble work of his early maturity, "Paracelsus," marks, with unerring precision, the limits of human achievement. Living on into a period in which for the moment the aggressive energy of the scientific spirit has almost discredited the authority of the imagination, Browning holds with equal resolution to the real as the completion and explanation of the actual; to the spiritual as the key to the material.

This repose of mind in an age when many minds float with the shifting tides of current opinion, this undisturbed balance maintained between the two contrasted facts of life, show how clearly Browning has thought his way out of the confusion of appearances and illusions into the realm of reality, and how truly he is a master of life and its arts. One will look through his verse in vain for any criticism of the order of the universe, for any arraignment of the wisdom which established the boundaries and defined the methods of human life; one will find no lament that certain ages and races have gone and their gifts perished with them, that change has transformed the world, and that out of this familiar present we are all swept onward

into the dim and chill unknown. Nor, on the other hand, does one discover here the renunciation of the ascetic, the unhealthy detachment from life of the fanatic, the repose of the mystic from whose feet, waiting at the gate of Paradise, the world has rolled away. Browning is a man of the world in the noble sense; that sense in which the saints of the future are to be heart and soul one with their fellows. He sees clearly that this present is not to be put by for any future; that there is no future save in this present. Other poets have chosen their paths through the vast growths of life and, by virtue of some principle of selection and exclusion, made a passable way for themselves. But Browning will surrender nothing; he will take life as a whole, or he will reject it. He refuses to be consoled by ignoring certain classes of facts, or to be satisfied with fragments pieced together after some design of his own. He must have a vision of all the facts, and, giving each its weight and place, he must make his peace with them, or else chaos and death are the only certainties. It is only the great souls that thus wrestle the whole night through and will not rest until God has revealed, not indeed His own name, but the name by which they shall henceforth know that He has spoken to them, and that the universe is no longer voiceless and godless.

Professor Dowden, in his admirable contrast of Tennyson and Browning, has made it clear, that while the Laureate sees life on the orderly and institutional side, Browning sees it on its spontaneous and inspirational side. The one seeks the explanation of the mysteries which surround him, and the processes by which life is unfolded in the slow, large movement of law; the other goes straight to the centre whence the energy of life flows. Society is much to Browning, not because it teaches great truths, but because it reveals the force and direction of individual impulse. Tennyson continually moves away from the individual emotion and experience to that wider movement in which it shall mix and lose itself; the fragment of a life gaining dignity and completeness by blending with the whole. Browning, on the other hand, by virtue of the immense im-

portance he attaches to personality, is continually striving to discover in the individual the potency and direction of the general movement. Every life is a revelation to him ; every life is a channel through which a new force pours into the world.

Browning has always refused to break life up into fragments, to use one set of faculties to the exclusion of another set, to accept half truths for the whole truth. He discovers truth not only by the processes of intellectual inquiry, but through the joy and pain of the senses, the mystery of love, loss, suffering, conquest ; by the use, in a word, of his whole personality. Life and the universe are to teach him, and he is in their presence to learn through the whole range of his being ; to be taught quite as much unconsciously as consciously ; above all things, to grow into truth. To reveal truth is, in his conception, the supreme function of the visible world ; a process as natural to it as the growth of trees or the blossoming of flowers. To learn is the normal activity and function of the human soul. Together, for ages past, the universe and the spirit of man have confronted each other in a mighty and far-reaching struggle of the one to impart and the other to receive ; until, invisibly as the dew falls on the blade of grass, there descends into human lives truth after truth according to their capacity. Not by searching alone, but by patient waiting as well ; not by intellectual processes alone, but by obscure processes of heart ; not by conquest only, but by growth, has life cleared itself to the thought of men. The germs of all truth lie in the soul, and when the ripe moment comes the truth within answers to the fact without as the flower responds to the sun, giving it form for heat and colour for light. It follows from Browning's refusal to break up life into fragments that he never dissociates knowledge and art from life ; they are always one in his thought and one in his work. Knowledge is never attainment or conquest with him ; it is always life expanded to a certain limit of truth. Paracelsus fails because the volume of his life is not wide and deep enough to receive into itself the truth to which he aspires. Truth

does not exist for us until it is part of our life; until we have it ours by absorption and assimilation. This is essentially a modern idea; modern as compared with the mediæval conception of knowledge. For as Herder long ago saw, before the scientific movement had really begun, all departments of knowledge are vitally related: so far as they touch man's life they are parts of a common revelation of his history and his soul. The study of the structure of language leads to philology, and philology opens the path into mythology, and mythology ends in a science of comparative religion and the deepest questions of philosophy. Literature is no longer an isolated art through which the genius of a few select souls reveals itself; it is the deep, often unconscious, overflow and outery of life rising as the mists rise out of the universal seas. Art is no longer an artifice, a conscious evolution of personal gift and grace; it is the Ideal that was in the heart of a race finding here and there a soul sensitive enough to feel its subtle inspiration, and a hand sure enough to give it form. Whoever studies the Parthenon studies not only Athenian genius, but, pre-eminently, Athenian character in its clearest manifestation; whoever knows English literature knows the English race.

This conception of civilization and its arts as a growth, as an indivisible whole in all its manysidedness, as vitally related to the soul as, indeed, the soul externalized, is the most fruitful and organic of all the truths which have come into the possession of the modern world.

This truth Browning, more than any other poet, has mastered and applied to life and art. He sees the entire movement of civilization as a continuous and living growth; and from it as a revelation, from nature and from the individual soul, his large and noble conception of life has grown. That conception involves a living relationship between the individual and its entire environment of material universe, human fellowship, and divine impulse. Everything converges upon personality, and the key of the whole vast movement of things is to be found in character; in character not as a set of habits and methods, but as a final

decision, a permanent tendency and direction, a last and irrevocable choice. From Browning's standpoint life is explicable only as it is seen in its entirety, death being an incident in its dateless being. Full of undeveloped power, possibility, growth, men are to adjust themselves to the world in which they find themselves by a clear, definite perception of the highest, remotest, spiritual end, and by a consistent and resolute use of all things to bear them forward to that end. Browning does not believe for an instant that human life as he finds it about him is a failure, or that the present order of things is a virtual confession on the part of Deity that the human race, by a wholly unexpected evolution of evil, have compelled a modification of the original order, and a tacit compromise with certain malign powers which, under a normal evolution, would have no place here. On the contrary, he believes that the infinite wisdom which imposed the conditions upon which every man accepts his life justifies itself in the marvellous adaptation of the material means to the spiritual ends; and that it is only as we accept resolutely and fearlessly the order of which we are part that we see clearly the "far off, Divine event to which the whole creation moves." To Tennyson the path of highest development is to be found in submission and obedience; to Browning the same end is to be sought by that sublime enthusiasm which bears the soul beyond the discipline that is shaping it to a unity and fellowship with the Divine will behind it. We are to suffer and bear, to submit and endure, not passively with gentle patience and trust, but actively, with co-operative energy of will and joy of insight into the far-off end. Life is so much more than its conditions and accidents that, like the fruitful Nile, it overflows and fertilizes them all. It is this intense vitality which holds Browning in such real and wholesome relations with the whole movement of nature and life; which makes it impossible to discard anything which God has made. If further proof of his possession of genius were needed, it would be furnished by this supreme characteristic of his nature; he is so intensely alive. Few men have the strength to live in more than two or three direc-

tions. They are alive to philosophy and what they regard as religion, and dead to science, to art, to the great movements of human society; or they are alive to science, to art, and dead to philosophy and religion. Genius is intensity of life; an overflowing vitality which floods and fertilizes a continent or a hemisphere of being; which makes a nature manysided and whole, while most men remain partial and fragmentary. This inexhaustible vitality pours like a tide through all Browning's work; so swift and tumultuous is it that it sometimes carries all manner of *débris* with it, and one must wait long for the settling of the sediment and the clarification of the stream.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

THERE is in most of us a feeling which has been fitly described as "the passion of the past," a sort of clinging of heart to old times and old friends, to days and scenes we have long since left behind us. This sentiment, if it be merely a sentiment, certainly springs from the better side of our nature, and one would scarcely care to have to do with a man in whom it was altogether wanting. And this which is true of our personal lives is true also of the life of a nation. For in this, too, there is continuity and development. The individual citizens, like the individual atoms of the body, pass away and give place to others; yet in the one case, as in the other, there abides the feeling of continuous identity even in the midst of continuous succession. Perhaps no man feels this more strongly than an Englishman does. For in no nation does the past more persistently live on in the present—colouring its thoughts, shaping its institutions, and determining its policy. If we turn with studious thought to that vast and complex system of law, of precedent and custom, which sways both Parliament and nation, we feel how actively the dead are still moving among the living. If we stroll forth within

the city walls, or out upon the breezy hills, we still find traces of them on every side of us. From cromlech and runic column, from quaint old gable and overhanging dormer, from market cross and minster tower; from ruined keep and mouldering cloister, the centuries gone by look forth upon us, and meet and mingle with the life that is.

But while the past thus prolongs itself into the present in the shape of law and custom and antiquarian remains, it does so also in another way which, if less obtrusive, is not less real. Both in England and among our kinsmen across the Atlantic there is an increasing number of minds interested in those historic records which, after being hidden away in tower and muniment-room for generations, have during the last fifty years been brought forth and made available as they never were before. The history of our country is being re-written in a way which goes far to make most of our former histories simply obsolete. The sweet simplicity of dear old Oliver Goldsmith's researches into "*Animated Nature*" is not further removed from the scientific accuracy of the *Zoology* of Owen and Huxley, than were the teachings about the History of England in the school-books of our boyhood from the more reliable conclusions of Freeman and Stubbs, of Brewer and Gardiner, in their works of to-day. And while it is for experts like these rightly to interpret and estimate the materials coming forth to light, even ordinary readers may care to have some general idea of their nature and mode of preservation, and find interest in glancing at the many-phased aspects of humanity they present to our view.

With regard to these historic records we may say, at the outset, that if we are possessed of large stores of them, we are almost more fortunate than we deserved to be. For both public and private collections have had to run the gauntlet of many a rough experience, and have survived after many a hairbreadth escape of which we shudder to think. Among the collections that were earliest submitted to the inspection of the Historical MSS. Commissioners were the documents in the muniment-room at Kimbolton Castle. They were then in a state of utter confusion. Title-deeds were

mixed with treaties, and the correspondence of ambassadors with court-rolls and marriage-settlements and leases. Papers of the earliest dates were interspersed with those of the latest. A box bearing the inscription—"Mr. Fox's Despatches to the Duke of Manchester," though full to overflowing, did not contain a single document within a century of the time of Mr. Fox's official life; and the contents of a portfolio entitled "*Magna Carta*" were entirely concerned with the early history of Virginia and the Bermudas. A few years after the first report of this collection was issued I happened to be travelling to America in the same Atlantic steamer with the duke, and one day in a conversation with him on deck I ventured to express my surprise that, considering the leading part which the Earl of Manchester took in the Civil War as a parliamentarian, there were not more documents at Kimbolton relating to the course of events in the two parliamentarian counties of Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire, with which he was so closely connected. The duke expressed his belief that many of them had been lost, and mentioned that he had heard his father say that on his return home after a lengthened residence abroad, he found that his peer's robes had been disposed of to decorate the pulpit of a neighbouring place of worship, and that the maids at Kimbolton had been in the habit of lighting the fires with what they regarded as the rubbishy old papers in the muniment-room of the castle.

In some instances records in the possession of the Government fared no better. Curiously enough that same William Prynne, whom Charles I. branded and pilloried, and turned out into the world again with his ears cropped off, was appointed by Charles II. Keeper of His Majesty's Records in the Tower. In this capacity he reported that he found that the greatest part of these records had for many years "lain bound together in one confused mass, under corroding, putrifying cobwebs, dust, and filth, in the darkest corner of Cæsar's Chapel in the White Tower as mere useless relics." In order to their rescue, he says: "I employed many soldiers and women to remove and cleanse

them from their filthiness, who, soon growing weary of this noisome work, left them almost as foul as they found them." "In raking up this dunghill," Prynne goes on to say, "according to my expectation, I found many rare, ancient precious pearls and golden Records . . . with many original Bulls of Popes (some of them under seal), letters to and from Popes, Cardinals, and the Court of Rome, besides sundry rare antiquities specially relating to the Parliaments of England."

Prynne's successors were not so zealous-minded as he. As late as 1836 a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Charles Buller, was appointed to inquire into the present state of the Records of the United Kingdom. The result of that inquiry is preserved in a considerable Blue-book of 946 pages. One of the witnesses examined by this committee, Mr. Henry Cole, gives the following vivid description of the class of documents:

Some (he says) were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls; there were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats (exhibited by the witness to the Committee) were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass ("Report," p. 427).

Another witness produced a mass of documents "in a state of actual fusion," and it was stated that large quantities of parchments had been purloined simply to be sold to the manufacturers of glue.

Happily this condition of things has entirely passed away. Through a long series of years State Papers have been in process of arrangement and carefully calendared. And there is not now, as formerly, any costly restriction upon their use. Any inquirer, on signing his name in the book at the Record Office in Fetter Lane, may have access to any paper or parchment in the whole of the archives, and may make what copies he requires, provided only, to

save accidents from spilling, he makes the copy in pencil and not with ink.

But besides the documents which are Government State Papers and the extremely valuable collections in the MS. department of the British Museum, there have been vast stores of material of inestimable worth brought to light by the labours of the Historical MSS. Commission. This Commission was instituted by Royal Warrant, dated August 31, 1869, and the First Report of the Commissioners was issued in a Blue-book of 148 pages in 1870. The Commission was based upon the representation that there were in the possession of many institutions and private families various collections of manuscripts and papers of general public interest, a knowledge of which would be of great utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature; that many of these were in danger of being lost and obliterated; and that many of the possessors of such manuscripts would be willing to give access to them, and permit their contents to be made public, provided that nothing of a private character or relating to the title of existing owners should be divulged. The Commission has been at work now for eighteen years and still continues its valuable labours, and to show how the thing has grown, it may be mentioned that while the First Report, which is now very scarce and fetches four or five times its original cost, only amounted to 148 pages, the Ninth Report extends to 1,200 pages. This was the last issued in folio form; the tenth and eleventh are printed in octavo, the tenth running to as many as six volumes of appendix. Altogether nearly six hundred collections of MSS. in the possession of the Government, of private persons, colleges, cathedrals, or municipal corporations, have been reported on.

In a series of calendars so extensive it is not possible to do more than convey a general idea of the whole; but we may give a few illustrations of the way in which these various collections throw light on the ecclesiastical life of the past. In the *Registrum Primum*, otherwise known as "The White Book," belonging to New College, Oxford,

there is, for example, a memorandum in Latin, of which the following is a translation :

Be it remembered that A.D. 1456, on the day of St. Cecilia, the Virgin and Martyr (Nov. 22), the Venerable Father, Master Thomas Gascoigne, of the Diocese of York, Professor of Holy Theology, gave to this College of the Blessed Mary of Winton, in Oxford, to the honour of God and of his glorious Mother, Mary, and of all Saints, the relics under-written : A portion of the sepulchre of God ; of the place where Christ sweat blood ; of the place where the Blessed Mary breathed forth her spirit (*emisit spiritum*) ; of the flesh of St. Paul ; a bone of the Blessed Mary Magdalene ; a bone of St. Vincent the Martyr ; a bone of St. Ambrose the Doctor ; two small bones of St. Brigit (Birgittæ) the Widow ; a portion of the tomb of St. Gregory the Pope.

There is, in another document, some light thrown upon the way in which men, and women too, were added to the noble army of martyrs, irrespective of the manner of their death. Among the MSS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Hare, Stow Hall, Norfolk, there is the following :

1520, the last of April, Richard, prior of the regular church and monastery of the Blessed Virgin of Walsingham, admits Henry Gasqwyn, gentleman, and Frances his wife, to be members of the fraternity, and gives them the benefit of all masses, prayers, fastings, vigils abstinences, alms, and all other good offices ; and grants that when they shall die they shall be put in the martyrology, and have an annual commemoration.

These extraordinary privileges were conferred, of course, on the ground of some consideration bestowed by the said Henry and Frances his wife, as we may perhaps infer from a similar document in the possession of the Corporation of Bridgewater, wherein Brother William, Warden of the Friars Minors in that town, sends greeting to William Dyst and Johanna his wife—"and through the merits of this life may they attain everlasting joy." For the devotion shown by them towards the Order and their benefits to the convent, they are admitted to participate in the suffrages of the convent, and, after death, they are to have the same benefits (in the way of prayers) as the brethren and friends and benefactors of the Order. To this document, dated

January 10, 1409, the conventual seal is attached, and is in good preservation.

In the possession of the Marquis of Bute we find numerous costly missals, one of them, as the colophon at the end shows, being the volume presented to the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle by Dr. John Martin, in 1466. This is a very fine monument of mediæval art, painted in the Low Countries, in the style and at the period of Hemling. At the commencement of the canon of the mass are two exquisite miniatures occupying the entire pages; there are also twenty-five smaller miniatures forming the larger initial letters, and the first page is a fine specimen of illuminated work. Besides missals and breviaries there are three miracle plays in the Cornish language, with translation, entitled: "Ordinal of the Origin of the World," "Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ," and "Ordinal of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ." There is also a curious work in folio, containing 213 leaves of vellum, and entitled, "The Book of the Fraternity or Gild of the Holy Trinity of Luton in Bedfordshire." This is an especially interesting MS., and throws a good deal of light on the history of prices and wages, and the magnificence of the feasts of our ancestors. The accounts are arranged under the following heads: Receipts; Payments; Allowances to the Wardens for Wages, Masses, &c.; Stondyng Dyrges; Dyrges of Casweltes; Expenses at the ffest.

Passing to a later time we come upon Bishop Bonner and his doings in the evil days of Queen Mary. Among the Petyt MSS. belonging to the Inner Temple there is a fragment of an original letter, dated July, 1558, from this man Bonner, while Bishop of London, to Cardinal Pole, referring to some heretics then awaiting punishment, in which he says: "Your Grace and my Lord Chancellor, I should doe well to have theym burnt in Hammersmythe, a myle from my house here [Fulham]; for then can I giff sentence against theym here in the Parishe Church, very quickly and without tumult, or having the Sheriff present." This was only a few months before the death of Queen Mary, and this persecuting bishop is becoming alarmed.

What burnings of heretics there may yet be must be done quickly and quietly, in remote Hammersmith, and not among Smithfield crowds. Soon the world did change for him, and in the same collection there is another letter from Bonner, from the Marshalsea Prison, in 1564, pitifully pleading with Queen Elizabeth for mercy, and giving quotations from the Fathers in defence of his conduct in the reign of her predecessor. It seems not to have helped him much, for though he had been in prison four years when he wrote this letter, there he was to tarry five years more, till death should bring that release which Elizabeth refused to grant.

In a former number of the CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW, giving a notice of Bishop Williams of Lincoln, and the controversy concerning the place and use of the Communion Table in parish churches, we saw how much feeling was excited by Laud's determination to change the custom adopted in the reign of Elizabeth of having the table moved at the time of the Communion to a place where all the people could see and hear the minister, and not fixed altar-wise at the east end of the chancel. It is clear that the establishment of altar-rails and kneeling communicants in the English Church was stoutly resisted at first, however customary it may have become at length. Among the MSS. preserved in the House of Lords there is a large body of petitions sent up to the Long Parliament from all parts of the country, some of which relate to these questions. For example, we find the following: Dec. 22, 1640. Petition from the churchwardens of Upton, in Northamptonshire, to the effect that Dr. Samuel Clarke, parson of St. Peter's, Northampton, sent one, Pidgeon, to Upton to cut the table, place it altar-wise in the chancel, and rail it in; and then directed them to pay Pidgeon for his trouble, which they declining to do, have suffered excommunication and loss. It appears that Parliament took the side of these petitioning churchwardens, and called upon Dr. Clarke to furnish a new table for the chapel of Upton at his own expense, and pay their charges, or show cause to the contrary. In other places the matter was taken in hand by

the people themselves, and dealt with in roughest fashion. In the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle, in the ward of Vintry, London, on June 11, 1641, John Blackwell, his Majesty's grocer, and others, having stricken the churchwardens, with great violence pulled down the altar-rails, and afterwards broke them up, burnt them outside the church, and threatened that if the parson came to read service in his surplice, they would burn him and his surplice too.

Passing on to a later time it would seem that notwithstanding the Revolution of 1688, and the Toleration Act which followed, Nonconformists were still subjected to the spy system, and were marked men with their neighbours. Among the deeds and papers of the Corporation of Bridgewater there is an Information, on foolscap paper, dated July 2, 1718, made by Henry Player, the sexton, and Richard Coles, parish clerk, of the parish and parish church of Bridgewater: who say that George Balch, John Trott, and twelve others (therein named) are all dissenters from the Church of England, and, save occasionally, never come to the divine service of the church. Also, that Roger Hoare, Joseph Farewell, Joseph Grandway, John Roberts, Robert Methwen, James Bowles, and John Oldmixon (the historian), had applied themselves to and frequented the Presbyterian and Anabaptist conventicles; till of late they are thence withdrawn, and come to the service of the Church of England; and that Robert Methwen was generally looked on and much taken notice of as a troublesome man, and a great disturber of the peace and quiet of the town. That they never saw the said Hoare, Farewell, Grandway, Roberts, Methwen, or Mr. John Gilbert, kneel at the reading of the prayers of the church.

One great advantage of the wide-reaching inquiries made by the inspectors of the Historical MSS. Commission is to be found in the fact that documents are discovered in places far remote from their original resting-place, and where few would think of looking for them. The Minutes of the Bedfordshire Committee during the Civil War turn up, for example, in the Duke of Marlborough's collection at

Blenheim, in Oxfordshire; and a missing volume of Sir Samuel Luke's "Letter Book," during the time he was Governor of Newport Pagnell, is found to be among the Ashburnham MSS., the other three volumes having long been among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum. In this way we may yet come upon much that is new in the local history of the Nonconformists, which is now in the possession of Churchmen who will show their collections to the inspectors of a Royal Commission when they would not care to make them known to their Nonconformist neighbours, whom they chiefly concern. At Oulton Hall, for example, in the county of Chester, among the manuscripts of Sir Philip de Malpas Grey-Egerton, we find the following papers:—

1674, Dec. 6. Sunday.—Names of persons sworn to as having attended conventicles.

1678, Aug. and Nov.—Fines imposed upon Quakers at the meeting at Widow Bushell's, May 9th. It appears there were twenty persons present, and the fines amounted altogether to £64 10s.

Fines imposed upon Quakers at the meeting at the New House at Newton, Nov. 17, 1678. There were forty persons present, and their fines amounted in all to £92 15s.

The like at a conventicle in Newton, Nov. 24, 1670. In all, £49 5s., for twenty-one persons.

Fines imposed upon Quakers, Dec. 12, 1678. In all, £44, for nine persons, or an average of nearly £5 a piece.

Accounts showing payments to informers.

1681, Oct. 9. Another account of fines imposed on Quakers. Total, £54 10s.

1681, Dec. 4. Names of persons at a conventicle.

All this is eloquent enough as to the sufferings of our forefathers, and possibly other country gentlemen may have similar evidence in their archives, all of which will

have its interest in the story of that great struggle for freedom and religious equality which is not yet complete.

This bringing of light from unexpected quarters is of interest in many ways. For example, among the papers of the Roman Catholic family of the Throckmortons, at Coughton Court, Warwickshire, there are two letters in John Wesley's handwriting, dated respectively, City Road, Feb. 11, 1780, and Feb. 24th, and addressed, "To Mr. Berington, at No. 31, Portman Square." Curiously enough also, among the MSS. of the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., Malvern Wells, there is an original letter from Philip Doddridge to Sir John Robinson, dated Northampton, Dec. 8, 1742, and rebuking Sir John for last night using God's name lightly, in needless appeals made to Him.

With this instance of faithful rebuke from a good man, whose name will long be venerated among the Nonconformists of England, we must bring this discursive paper to a close. Yet, discursive as it has been, it may not be without interest for some, and, what is of more importance, it may call attention to important historical researches which are being quietly carried on, year after year, among us, researches which cannot fail to have important results in the more accurate study of the past, and in a fuller knowledge of the history of our own people and of the land we love.

JOHN BROWN.

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF CONTROVERSY.

It is one of the certain but most unhappy results of the mode in which Mr. Spurgeon has raised the serious questions which underlie his representations of what he has been pleased to call the "Down-grade" among Congregationalists, that a controversial temper has been aroused which is not likely to promote the spirituality of those by whom it is indulged, and which is certain to obscure or

divert attention from the real issues. Illustrations of this mischievous tendency are already only too numerous. Perhaps the most ludicrous was the resolution of the students of the Metropolitan College to support their revered President in his crusade against "modern thought." That these young men should regard Mr. Spurgeon with affectionate admiration is not only natural, but praiseworthy; and had they done nothing more than give expression to this feeling, the only criticism to which they would have exposed themselves would have been a doubt as to the wisdom of their intervention even in so unobjectionable a form in this discussion. But their action assumed quite a different aspect when they undertook to pronounce a judgment on the question itself, and to proclaim their sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon in his crusade against "modern thought." A cross examination as to the meaning attached to "modern thought," and the grounds of objection to it, might possibly have elicited some curious and suggestive results, probably leading up to the conclusion that whatever has not Mr. Spurgeon's approval belongs to that hated thing "modern thought," which every honest Christian should be resolved to "put down." Let it be granted that the boast about "modern thought" has been extremely offensive, but surely that is no reason why this hostile attitude should be taken to the mind and spirit of the age in which these young men have to live, and which, if they be ministers of Christ, they hope to influence for Him. The observation of a wise and good man in relation to music, surely applies even more forcibly to this subject. It cannot be wise to hand over to the devil all the intellect of the day with its freshness, vitality, and power.

This trifling incident, however, might have been passed over had it stood alone, but it is only one of many which suggest that we are to have a new version of the old story, *Athanasius contra mundum*. Even from his retreat at Mentone, Mr. Spurgeon issues his bulletins, and the congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle receive grateful acknowledgments of their unfailing sympathy and exhortations to fidelity and zeal. What effect can such appeals

have upon those to whom they are addressed, except to foster an idea of their own spiritual superiority to other Christians, and, indeed, to train them in a suspicious temper in relation to those with whom they have hitherto been associated? The confidence of victory expressed in the letter read on December 4th is clearly a note of war. For what is the victory sought, and so confidently anticipated? With whom is the conflict to be waged, and what is the nature of the success desired? Is it to disquiet the Baptist Union, and promote a schism in its ranks? Is it to humble Nonconformity in the sight of all its foes? Or is it to secure some striking demonstration that Mr. Spurgeon is right in the estimate he has given of the heterodoxy of some Congregational ministers? In none of these cases surely would Mr. Spurgeon find any reason for rejoicing. Rather would there be occasion for bitter sorrow. If, on the other hand, he hopes for a victory which shall mean the arrest of free inquiry, the narrowing of the limits of Christian comprehension, the repression of that spirit of tolerance which has been growing of late, he might as reasonably expect that he will turn back the flowing tide. Believing that it is part of the Divine mercy "out of our evil still to find means of good," we hope for some happy results even out of the present imbroglio, but they certainly will not be reached by the kind of victory which Mr. Spurgeon's words foreshadow. They will be reached because there are those who refuse to enter into this discussion in a partisan temper, whose desire is to arrive at truth, and who feel that any talk about victory, and the feeling which it suggests, are altogether out of place.

The fresh outbursts of bigotry and prejudice from the natural enemies of Congregationalism are more painful than surprising. There is nothing novel either in their animus or in their distinct allegations. They are simply manifestations of a narrow sectarianism which has taken advantage of what seemed to it a favourable opportunity for discharging the vials of its bitterness upon the devoted head of Congregationalism. Congregationalism is the uncompromising foe of all external authority in matters of religion, and

is hated by all who distrust the exercise of freedom. Those who regard a formal creed as a necessary defence of Scriptural truth continually profess themselves exercised about the liberty of our system, and the perils to orthodoxy with which it is fraught. We might listen to such exhortations with more patience if we found that the defences which have been erected in other Churches had been effectual for the purpose. But heresy is not unknown in the Established Churches either of England or Scotland, and even the Free Church has not been without its own difficulties. Yet the ministers and members of these Churches, apparently oblivious of the dissensions within their own borders, are eager to point the finger of scorn at us for evils which, for the most part, exist only in their own imagination. It is curious to note the extraordinary things which some of these assailants have brought themselves to believe. Take for example this statement from the Rev. H. W. Holden, a clerical correspondent of *The Guardian*, who says:—

The suggestion of a parallel existing between Congregationalism and the Church of England in this most grave matter is as baseless as it is reprehensible. If Voyseys were to be counted in every diocese by the score—if the seats of rule and learning, with scarcely an exception, were filled by those who lead against the faith of Christ, then only would it stand on any basis of truth.

From the general tone of his letter, we should judge that this gentleman belongs to a very narrow school of ecclesiastics, for he tells us that “no one has of late years been placed in the presidential chair, or has otherwise attained unto any position of commanding influence unless he has been contributory to this new exodus”—that is, to the alleged departure from the faith of which *The Christian World* is representative. There is something refreshing in the distinctness of this statement, which is in marked contrast with the vagueness of Mr. Spurgeon’s charges. It is no longer a few men who are suspected of heresy. All who have recently held office in the Union are included in the same sweeping condemnation. “There is indeed no consensus of opinion; it is a race, a rush it were better called,

a welter of opinion." It must charitably be supposed that he writes in ignorance of the men whom he thus accuses. There is this advantage, however, about such random charges. They help men better to understand the real point of the accusation, and so do much to refute it. It is only men who are already steeped in bigotry who will be brought to believe that the leaders of Congregationalism are all heretics. All this rests upon the action of *The Christian World*, which, the writer insists, is as representative of Congregationalists as *The Guardian* is of the Anglican Church. "The attempt," he charitably says, "which Mr. Rogers makes to disclaim authority for *The Christian World* is alike disingenuous and vain." Let us test this by facts. In 1877 the Leicester Conference created an excitement quite as keen as that of the present controversy, and resolutions declaring the faith of the Congregational churches in the vital doctrines of the gospel were proposed and carried, notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of *The Christian World*. When the vote was taken, out of an assembly of more than fourteen hundred members and delegates there were not more than forty adverse votes, and of these the large majority (certainly three-fourths) were in sympathy with the opinion of the chairman, the late Baldwin Brown, who, while expressing his agreement with the resolutions themselves, argued with all his wonted power and earnestness against the passing of any resolutions at all. As to the representative character of *The Guardian* we are as ignorant, and, therefore, as incompetent to pronounce an opinion, as Rev. H. W. Holden has shown himself as to the relation between *The Christian World* and the Congregationalists.

The unworthy personalities in which this gentleman has indulged demand no other reply than this, that when he has done one-tithe or one-hundredth part of the service to the cause of Christian truth which has been rendered by my friend Dr. Dale, with that devout temper, that spiritual insight, that passionate devotion to his Master, and that well-balanced practical judgment so conspicuous in his ethical teachings, he may be entitled to criticize him.

It is well, however, that such men should give us these interesting pieces of self-revelation. If Mr. Holden means anything, he means that Dr. Dale, like all the rest of us, is unfaithful to the gospel. We can only say, alas for the church which can find no place for such a man, or the man who cannot recognize and honour his loyalty to Christ. Congregationalists are proud of him, and, if he is to be called a heretic, will accept the same reproach. We do not write thus as ourselves agreeing with all Dr. Dale's theology, and still less as supposing he needs any defence of ours. But we feel bound to enter our protest against such pitiable narrowness, which, nevertheless, is suggestive as revealing the spirit of these attacks. The judgment of men of this type need trouble no one, but it is a gain to have such bigotry appearing before us in all its native ugliness. Assuredly we are not disturbed by the judgment of the critics. It would not be noticed had it not been that they can unfortunately quote the authority of Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. Holden's facts are even less trustworthy than his opinions. He says :—

One fact remains to be shown, which so far seems to have escaped public attention—one which is incontestably conclusive as to the character and tendency of the new departure—it is that there is a steady influx of Congregational ministers into the Unitarian communion—scarcely a month passing which does not show some example of it, in a proportion that is relatively larger than all the defections to the Roman communion from the Church of England that have taken place during the whole fifty years of troubled Church life.

There is only one word in the language which can adequately describe such a statement, and that is one which courtesy forbids us to employ. It is true that here and there Congregational ministers have gone over to the Unitarians, so giving proof that, as Unitarians, they could find no resting place among us. They went out from us because they were not of us, and needed no formal test by which they could be judged, nor any ecclesiastical tribunal whose sentence should force them into separation. The moral atmosphere of our Churches was sufficient for this pur-

pose. This is our answer to an anonymous writer in a Presbyterian publication which has taken up the same kind of parable, and has levelled his darts specially against Dr. Hannay for his plain statement, the truth of which must be obvious to every unprejudiced man, that if there had been a drift towards Unitarianism among ministers he must have known of it. To answer this by pointing to the case of one of those who have gone from us, and who said that he had held the same views for years, is nothing but wretched trifling. Dr. Hannay never meant to suggest that he or any other man could be acquainted with the secret working of every individual mind in our ministry. What he did say, and what is unquestionably true, is that if there were any extensive defection of the character indicated he must have known it. He does not know it because it does not exist. Individual secessions there have been, but their number is very small.

It is necessary, however, to be outspoken on this point. These charges of Unitarianism, or of disloyalty to Evangelical faith, we meet with an emphatic and unqualified denial. But we do not wish to create the impression that the theology which prevails in Congregational Churches is that of these critics and the school to which they belong. A writer in *The Christian*, quoting some passages carefully culled from the papers which appeared in our October and November numbers, contends they prove Mr. Spurgeon's position "up to the hilt." The writer does not seem to understand what the position is, and to be, in fact, in that nebulous state of mind in which everything like discriminating criticism is impossible. What is worse, he is possessed with controversial animus, and that of so severe a type, that he seems to forget he is writing of Christian men, who do not intend to make any points against an adversary, but simply to set forth the truth. They do not deny the presence of evil tendencies, and certainly still less do they attempt to show that the theology of Congregationalists generally is that of Mr. Spurgeon or *The Christian*. If that were all which had to be proved, there would be no controversy. We frankly admit that not a few, but a

vast majority of our ministers, are not of that school, and have no desire to be so regarded. Our contention is that they are not therefore less faithful to the gospel. We certainly are not of those who believe that questions of religious belief are of no importance to spiritual affinity. On the contrary, we are unable to understand how there can be real affinity between men whose hearts are possessed by love to Christ and those who treat them, at the utmost, with the affectionate reverence due to the best of men. The difference is not one of opinion merely, it is one which touches the very springs of spiritual life. The religion in which Christ is everything—Teacher, Saviour, God—and that in which He is only a prophet of Nazareth, are two different religions. There may be individuals in the Congregational ministry who hold the latter creed. No one can answer for every individual, and there may be occupants of Congregational pulpits unfaithful to Christian truth. But it is a calumny to talk of them as representing the general character of our ministry, or of any considerable section of it.

But if the charge be that Congregationalists are not of the school represented by *The Christian*, we must plead guilty. We are as strong Evangelicals as are its members, but we are not of their company. From many of their opinions we dissent, but we are still more opposed to the attempt to treat them as vital parts of the Christian creed, and to brand as heretics all who will not accept them. In our judgment, one of the worst heresies is to place any doctrine on the same level as the simple truth of the gospel as preached by Paul, and made the mighty power of God unto salvation both for Jew and Gentile. We have no desire to minimize the differences which separate us from the school of which we speak. The spirit of brotherhood, the desire for peace, and, most of all, the fear of wounding tender consciences, have made us anxious to abjure all controversy with those whom we honoured as Christian brethren, and have led us, perhaps unwisely, to keep silence as to what seemed to us misrepresentations of the gospel, which were doing serious harm. The conflict has been

forced upon us, and we shall not hesitate to speak. We deny the authority of any men to set up a standard and to read out of the Church of Christ all who will not conform to it. We claim our right to read and to interpret the Word of God for ourselves, and we refuse to be bound by the traditional opinions which have grown up around it, or the interpretations which have been put upon it, by great divines, however gifted and however holy. We dare not question the brotherhood of any man who from the heart confesses Jesus as Lord, even though he may reject many conclusions which seem to us to follow from that primary truth. The history of the Church shows what evils have grown out of the endeavours to secure uniformity of its creed and ritual, instead of seeking to cultivate unity of heart among all who trust the same Saviour and worship the same Lord; and our desire is to return to the more excellent way of the early Church. Our one test of Christian discipleship is faith in the Lord. We would begin at the point which some would only reach after much preliminary instruction. We would begin with the teaching of Christ, believing that God will reveal other things to the soul which has learnt for itself the preciousness and power of Christ. We would deal with one who thus humbly expressed his trust in the Saviour in the manner commended by Apostolic teaching and example, receiving him, but not to doubtful disputations. Had this principle been more consistently carried out there would have been less of that bitter antagonism to Christianity with which we are confronted to-day. It is because theology has been so often allowed to overshadow the Saviour that there is so much of unbelief arising out of a failure to understand the spirit of Christianity.

SAMUEL MORLEY AS A POLITICIAN.*

THERE would seem to be something peculiarly fitting and appropriate in the biographer of the late Lord Shaftesbury being likewise the biographer of the late Mr. Samuel Morley. The two men had so much in common, and were engaged throughout their long and laborious careers in so many common enterprises, that he who desires to understand the life and character of the one must of necessity make himself acquainted with the life and character of the other. What Lord Shaftesbury was among the evangelicals of the Church of England, Mr. Morley was among the evangelicals of Nonconformity, and it is gratifying to find that the friendship which existed between these two famous philanthropists and social reformers remained unbroken to the end.

"I may never see you again," wrote Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Morley on the day that he left London for Folkestone, whence he was destined never more to return. "I may never see you again, but I rejoice in this opportunity of saying how deeply I feel all your unwearying kindness, friendship, and generosity towards myself in all places and on all occasions."

Mr. Hodder's "Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury" has, it is hardly necessary to say, been a remarkably successful book. It had an extensive circulation in the form in which it originally appeared, and now that a popular edition has been published we may confidently predict for it a still larger measure of success. "The Life of Samuel Morley" promises to meet with a like degree of popular favour, and some idea of the interest which it has excited may be gathered from the fact that the first edition of the work was exhausted on the day on which it was issued to the public.

As the result of Mr. Hodder's labours we are now enabled to form a tolerably clear and accurate conception of the manner of man that Samuel Morley was. Born at

* *The Life of Samuel Morley.* By EDWIN HODDER. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

his father's house in Homerton, on October 15, 1809, he was the last of a family of six children. He was educated first of all at a boarding school at Melbourn, in Cambridgeshire, and afterwards at Mr. Buller's school at Southampton. He was, we are told, a diligent and painstaking pupil, and he succeeded in producing so favourable an impression on his masters that they predicted "he would either be a minister of the gospel or a member of parliament." His schooldays, however, were, according to our modern notions, of remarkably brief duration. At the age of sixteen he went into his father's hosiery business in Wood Street. The education of the school was over; the education of life was to begin.

Mr. Morley's father was a Liberal in politics and a Nonconformist by conviction, but he never sought to force upon his children the adoption of the views that he held. The following is the style in which he would address them. "I will tell you," he would say, "why I am a Nonconformist, and why I am a Liberal, and, if you think I am right, you can be as I am and do as I do, but you are perfectly free to form your own conclusions." With such an example and such a training it is not to be wondered at that Samuel Morley followed closely in his father's footsteps. The home influences were supplemented and enforced by the ministrations of divines who wielded no mean authority in their day and generation. To the Rev. James Parsons, of York, belongs the honour of having first inspired young Morley with high and noble purposes, which it was alike the duty and the privilege of the Rev. Thomas Binney, through long years of friendship, to strengthen and sustain. Another kind friend and counsellor of these early days, who lived to preach a most touching and pathetic funeral sermon over the remains of his departed friend, was the Rev. J. C. Harrison. In the year 1831 Joshua Harrison and Samuel Morley were in the counting-house together, and from that time onwards, down to the death of Mr. Morley, they were united to one another in the closest ties of sympathy and affection. The reminiscences of Mr. Harrison furnish some of the most interesting and valuable passages in the present

biography. Speaking of Mr. Morley when he first knew him, more than fifty years ago, he describes him in the following terms :—

He had a pleasant face, though not so handsome as it became in after life, when his mind and character were more matured. He was a great favourite with both his employés and his customers, for he was singularly frank and open, cordial, and even affectionate; no one suspected him of being insincere, or of keeping back anything which, if revealed, would give a different tone or meaning to what he said. Nevertheless, he was firm in maintaining discipline, very decided in keeping every one he dealt with up to the mark. He would tolerate no irregularities, and quickly closed the account of those who appeared to him to be untrustworthy.

He was, indeed, to judge from all accounts, a model business man, and he possessed one quality which no business man in these days of constant progress and improvement can for a moment afford to be without. He was ever learning. If he passed through the streets, says Mr. Harrison, or called at any other large house, or conversed with men of business, he kept his eyes and ears open. Should he hear of any plans which were in advance of his own, he studied them, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that they were sound, he adopted them.

The hours of business fifty years ago were of unreasonably length, and the time at Morley's disposal for purposes of relaxation and self-improvement was, in consequence, extremely small. But once a year an interval of freedom from business cares came round, and this interval was invariably devoted to travel. Mr. Morley left behind him some brief memoranda of a tour in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland, taken in July, 1835, and these memoranda Mr. Hodder has very properly printed in the *Life*. From them we learn that Mr. Morley caught a glimpse of Lord Jeffrey, sitting as a judge in court at Edinburgh; that he dined with his host near Glasgow at half-past five o'clock, "much too late," as he thought, "for comfort or convenience;" that he fully appreciated the beautiful and magnificent scenery in which Scotland abounds; and that he was above all things delighted with

his visit to Abbotsford. Speaking of the library and the sanctum sanctorum beyond, which was filled with relics of all sorts, he says :

In this room were written most of those works which command the admiration of mankind. I sat on the old easy chair in which Sir Walter sat, and lingered through the rooms with feelings I shall never forget. . . . I called to mind the anecdote I once heard of Sir Walter, and could not help wishing that I had been so favoured. A gentleman and his lady having reached Melrose, were anxious to visit Abbotsford, and to have an interview with its illustrious owner. He accordingly wrote a note to the following purport : " Mr. and Mrs. — present their compliments to Sir Walter Scott, and being anxious to see the great Lion of the North, request the honour of an interview." To which Sir Walter returned the following answer :—" Sir Walter Scott presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. —, and as the Lion is seen to most advantage at feeding hours, requests the pleasure of their company at dinner."

When nine years later Mr. Morley went to Scotland once more, he was accompanied by his wife. In the year 1841 he had married Miss Hope, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Hope, a Liverpool banker. On hearing of his engagement, his friend and pastor, the Rev. Thomas Binney, lost no time in sending him his heartiest congratulations. " I don't wonder," he wrote, " at your feeling as if your heart had wings and was as light as a bird. There is everything before you to make it so. You very naturally at present worship *Hope*—most young men do, though they have not got her so substantially embodied as you have. When the goddess changes her name and becomes certainty, they are often disappointed—this, I feel confident, will not be your case when your goddess changes hers." It is needless to say that Mr. Binney's prediction was realized, and that Mr. Morley's married life, first of all at Lower Clapton, and afterwards at Craven Lodge and Hall Place, was surrounded by every earthly blessing, and was as fortunate and as happy as the soul of man could desire. The chapters that deal with the home life of the Morley family are not the least interesting portion of this charming biography.

In the meanwhile Mr. Morley was not only responding in a wonderfully effective way to the innumerable calls that

business and domestic life were constantly making upon him ; he was also taking an active and energetic part in public affairs. In the earlier portion of his life it cannot be contested that he constituted himself in a marked degree, alike in the city of London and in the country at large, a champion of Liberal, and more particularly of Nonconformist, opinion. Mr. Hodder tells us that one of Mr. Morley's most treasured possessions in after years was a medal, struck in 1828, in commemoration of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and we know from the publicly recorded actions of his life how earnest and zealous he was in the efforts that he put forth, at many a critical juncture, to promote the great cause of civil and religious liberty. When Mr. William Baines was a prisoner in the Leicester County Gaol for refusing, on conscientious grounds, to pay church rates, Samuel Morley was foremost amongst those who, in public meeting assembled, did not merely content themselves with expressing sympathy and admiration, but appealed to all Dissenters to arouse themselves to action, and "put down for ever these vexatious and unjust imposts." Turning his attention more and more, as time went on, to public affairs, Mr. Morley came to be painfully conscious of the inadequate representation of Dissenters in the House of Commons. Accordingly a committee was formed under the name of the "Dissenters' Parliamentary Committee," having for its object the remedying of this defect, and of this committee Mr. Morley was appointed chairman. Its principal work consisted in issuing a circular to a select number of gentlemen with the view of inducing them to become candidates in the interest of Nonconformist principles at the General Election of 1852. The aim and scope of the circular may be gathered from the following sentence, which was doubtless intended to have special reference to the subject of popular education : "It will probably strike you, dear sir, as it does the Committee, that one of the largest and noblest services which can be rendered to religion in the present day, would be to resist in the legislature those insidious encroachments of the State, which, by degrading Christianity into a mere

political element, destroy, to an alarming extent, its moral beauty and its spiritual power." In this connection it is worthy of note that, at the General Election which followed the issue of the circular, thirty-eight Protestant Free Churchmen of various denominations were returned, representing constituencies comprising an electorate of 228,057, and a population of 4,290,905.

But it was not merely when the interests of Dissenters were attacked that Samuel Morley came to the rescue. He was ready to assist in every movement by which it was sought to promote the welfare and happiness of the people at large. The Anti-Corn Law agitation received his warmest sympathy and support, and he held fast by his Liberal principles, even when the Chartist agitation was at its height. In the spring of 1848 all London was thrown into a panic by the preparations that were being made by the Chartists for a monster demonstration on Kennington Common. The Duke of Wellington assumed the military defence of the metropolis, and some 150,000 citizens were enrolled as special constables. It was at this most critical juncture that Samuel Morley wrote thus to one of his most intimate friends.

Do not (he said) be needlessly alarmed at the present aspect of events. While everything tending to a breach of the peace must be put down, and the violence of misguided men must be met by force, depend upon it the aristocracy will never give up the prey on which they have always been disposed to fatten till their fears are excited. I am far removed from being a Chartist, but I have the deepest sympathy with the working classes, who are suffering an amount of misery which deserves more consideration than it has met with at the hands of the Government or the House of Commons.

A do-nothing policy, in the face of a great crisis, excited only feelings of indignation and contempt in the breast of Samuel Morley. At the time of the breakdown and mal-administration in the Crimea, Mr. Morley took the lead in starting the movement in favour of administrative reform, which ultimately led to the abolition of purchase in the army, and the throwing open of the public service to the nation. Dickens, to quote his own words, "flung himself

rather hotly with the administrative reformers," and it was in connection with the good work that they were doing that he wrote: "I have hope of Mr. Morley, whom one cannot see without knowing to be a straightforward, earnest man."

There was one more good cause in which Mr. Morley took a deep and a growing interest—the cause of temperance reform. "What is to be done with the drink evil?" he wrote to his friend Mr. Joshua Wilson. "It is the monster grievance of the day. It seems to me something like infatuation to be building and supporting, at great cost, reformatories and other institutions, while this huge cancer remains unremoved." If on other questions Mr. Morley became less radical and drastic in his views as he grew older, on the temperance question the process of change through which he passed was of the opposite description. The following amusing and characteristic anecdote will explain to us how it was that Mr. Morley came to be a total abstainer. He was addressing a large meeting of working men, and was pressing upon them the importance of being total abstainers, when a labouring-man rose up, and, interrupting him in his speech, said:—

"Do you go without yourself? I dare say, if the truth's known, you take your glass or two of wine after dinner, and think no harm of it. Now, sir, *do* you go without yourself?" "This rather shut me up for an instant," said Mr. Morley, when telling the story; "but when I looked round at those poor fellows whom I had been asking to give up what they regarded—no matter how erroneously—as their only luxury, I had my answer ready pretty quickly. "No," I said; "but I will go without from this hour." And he did.

The time came when the prediction of his schoolmasters was fulfilled, and he became a member of the British House of Commons. At the election of 1865 he stood as one of the Liberal candidates for the borough of Nottingham. Tory Churchmen were heard to exclaim that they would "vote for the devil to keep out Morley;" but in spite of all that they could do, when the result came to be declared, it was found that Morley was at the head of the poll. In the session of 1866 he spoke with effect in sup-

port of the Church Rates Abolition Bill, and the Tests Abolition Bill; but his career as member for Nottingham was soon brought to an untimely termination. He was unseated on petition, in consequence of its being proved before a committee of the House of Commons that his agents had employed men who were voters in connection with the election.

In 1868, however, he was elected as one of the Liberal members for the city of Bristol, and he retained that position with honour and distinction down to the General Election of 1885. The desire for rest that naturally accompanies advancing years led him upon that occasion to retire from Parliament, though he still continued to take the keenest interest in political affairs, and was an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy.

The time is ripe (he wrote) for yielding to the clearly expressed wishes of the Irish people, and for showing that Liberal principles, when applied to that section of the United Kingdom, will produce the same beneficial effect they have often produced when wisely and faithfully applied to other great problems of our national life.

Indeed, from the beginning to the end of his Parliamentary career, we find Mr. Morley actively and energetically supporting the leader of the Liberal party.

It would be impossible (he wrote, in his farewell address to the electors of Bristol), to enumerate all the measures fraught with far-reaching possibilities which the past seventeen years have seen enacted. Two only appear to me to call for special notice—the Elementary Education Act of 1870, which I consider was the greatest achievement of Mr. Gladstone's first Government, and the Acts for the Extension of the Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats, which will always make his second tenure of office memorable in the Parliamentary history of the United Kingdom.

Strange as it may appear, it was not the party whips, but his old friends, the political Dissenters, who had any occasion to criticise or to complain of Mr. Morley's conduct in Parliament. On his election as member for Bristol he resigned his seat on the Executive Committee of the Liberation Society, and in the debates on the Education Bill the weight of his powerful influence was thrown on the side of Mr. Forster, whenever the right honourable

gentleman happened to be engaged in conflict with the Radicals below the gangway. It would seem as if Mr. Morley had never comprehended in all their length and breadth the great principles of religious freedom and religious equality. He would not employ Roman Catholics in his warehouse in Wood Street, and he voted against the duly-elected member for Northampton being permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons. No doubt upon all occasions he acted from the highest and purest motives, but other men, equally upright and equally conscientious, may be permitted to hold that in every instance here cited he was the advocate of a mistaken policy.

But whilst men will necessarily differ in the view they take of Mr. Morley's action as a politician, as regards his character as a man and his action as a philanthropist and social reformer there is happily no room whatsoever for difference of opinion. It is as a philanthropist rather than as a politician that he will be remembered by posterity. There was scarcely a single deserving and struggling cause which he did not help with a liberal and a lavish hand. And it was not only causes but individuals that had reason to be grateful to him. Of course he was sometimes deceived by unworthy objects being made the recipients of his bounty, but that did not lead him to refuse to give in proportion to the magnitude of his wealth. It only had the effect of making him more cautious as to the persons who should profit by his benevolence. "I would rather help a large number," he would say, "and find I had been taken in once in ten times, than close my purse altogether because I am sometimes deceived. It is better to help a drone than to let a bee perish." And he was above all things modest, as well as diligent, in well-doing. "There is that dear man Samuel Morley," wrote Lord Shaftesbury, "content to be anything or nothing, so that good is being done. No one has ever transgressed against him as I have, and I could tell you of a thousand instances in which he did all the work and I had all the honour." It was the same feeling which prompted Mr. Morley to decline Mr. Gladstone's offer of a peerage. He

felt that, like the Shunammite woman in the Scriptures, the only answer that it was fitting for him to make to such a request was, "I dwell among mine own people." This was the crowning act of his life. Shortly afterwards he wrote: "I have many evidences that the shadows are lengthening, and the stakes and the cords of the tent are loosening, and I am thankful for the prospect of leisure to think of the way in which I have been led, and of the daily and hourly mercies which have been vouchsafed." That leisure was destined to be of brief duration. "The pitcher goes often to the well, but it is broken at last." In the early Sabbath morning of the 5th of September, 1886, the spirit of Samuel Morley took its flight. His body lies buried in Abney Park Cemetery, and on his tomb there will be found this simple and truthful inscription—"A servant of Jesus Christ." It would be impossible to discover or to conceive a nobler or a more appropriate epitaph.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

A STUDY OF MODERN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"HAVE you heard," asked Mr. Parsons of his old friend Mr. Wilmot, as they sat enjoying a literary gossip, "who is the new editor of *The Advance*? he seems already to have made a sensation, and has at least succeeded in getting himself talked about?"

"Curiously enough," was the reply, "I was asking the same question only yesterday of my bookseller, who has a remarkable knowledge of the literary world, and was surprised to hear that this new luminary is no other than the son of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Baring, the minister of Bethesda Chapel."

"Impossible! I know but little of Baring, but I have

always found him one of the most rigid of precisians. He calls himself a Liberal, and as he is a Dissenter, I suppose in some sense he is so; but it has always appeared to me that he has an ingrained Conservatism in all matters religious, social, and political, which would qualify him for a thorough-going Tory. A capital fellow all the same. But that a son of his should become an apostle of a creed so pronounced as that which *The Advance* seems to have adopted is all but incredible."

"Not the less true," replied Wilmot; "my friend Willis has access to the best sources of information, and is not accustomed to speak in the confident tone he took yesterday unless he has a solid foundation for his story. But I wonder why you should be so incredulous. I agree with all that you say as to Baring's goodness, and especially do I know him to have been a most excellent father. But do we not continually find that the result of a discipline so severe as his is all but sure to be a reaction? This, too, is all the more certain when in conjunction with it there is an inculcation of Liberal principles. If a hard and severe creed is to be maintained at all it must be by the force of authority. But against authority Baring has always been fighting, and he has imbued Ernest so thoroughly with his spirit that in the end he has rebelled (and very naturally too) against the authority of his father and his creeds, as well as against everything else."

"My knowledge of the young man is but slight. I have a faint recollection of him as a slip of a boy, a bright and earnest young fellow, who seemed to give no little promise. At the same time he was always a trifle 'cheeky.' I remember hearing a good story of him. His master, who was very pompous and something of a gourmand, had been discoursing in a Sunday homily to the boys on the duty of fasting, *à propos* of Paul's three days' fast after his conversion. The next time he opened a question-box which he kept for the use of the boys, he found the following query: 'If it takes three days' and three nights' fasting to make a Christian, when will Mr. — be a Christian?' In some way the question was traced to Ernest, who was taught

that he had committed a grievous sin, and grievously must he answer it. I am afraid he never felt it."

"Not he. He would be better, no doubt, for a little more modesty, but he is a fine fellow nevertheless. I knew him fairly well during the years he spent here after his school-days were over. He was quite unlike other young men, and always had a strongly-marked individuality."

"I did not know that you were so well acquainted with him?"

"Yes, I knew him fairly well, and was always impressed with his evident sincerity and great earnestness. I saw him as a worker in some of our local societies, especially our Literary Institute, of which he was a most active member. I was often struck with his inventiveness and ingenuity. He was full of new ideas and plans, into the working of which he was ever ready to throw himself with all the ardour of an impetuous and sanguine nature. I do not pretend that I detected signs of the literary ability which he has subsequently displayed; but I observed his great fondness for reading, and, as I look back, remember that I was often struck with his felicity of expression in some of the young men's discussions, at which I occasionally presided."

"Well, we may at all events congratulate our old friend on the distinction his son has attained, and yet I can well believe that Ernest's success will not be regarded by his father with unalloyed satisfaction."

"By no means. Baring likes *The Advance* almost as little as *The Saturday Review*. He is a strong anti-Tory, but that does not at all mean that he is a progressive Liberal. In fact, that is precisely what he is not. He is true to the old traditions in which he was educated, and loyal to the old flag under which he has fought many a gallant battle. But he is essentially a man of the past generation, and has no real sympathy with the aims and principles of any of the new schools which have sprung up among us."

"And *The Advance* seems ready to lend a helping-hand to any of them, provided it be sufficiently wild and erratic.

It seems to eschew all the movements in which even old Radicals were interested, and to be bent upon striking out a new course of its own."

"Precisely, and that is just what Baring himself hates. He believes in liberty of conscience, but if any man's free thought leads him outside the lines of his own orthodoxy, he has very little tolerance for him. He would not coerce or persecute him, for it is only justice to him to say that he carries out his principles to their legitimate result, and would maintain the political rights of an unbeliever quite as strenuously as he would contend for his own. But he has little patience with what is called broad theology, and he has even less with those socialist or quasi-socialist theories which threaten to supplant the old Radicalism. It is easy to guess how little he will relish the idea of his son being the editor of a paper whose great object seems to be to find good in every new system and every man who can succeed in attracting public attention."

"The truth is, I never take up one of its numbers without being reminded of an old story of a plain Primitive Methodist, who preached a sermon on the text, 'They that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.' His divisions were—1. The world is downside up. 2. It needs to be turned upside down. 3. We're the chaps to do it. The heads would form a good motto for *The Advance*, especially if the third were put in italics."

"Rather hard upon Ernest, if he be the writer or even the inspirer of the articles. I can easily understand such criticism, for which there is no little justification, and yet I do not regard it as perfectly fair. It implies more conceit on his part than I should be inclined to attribute to him. No doubt he may have changed greatly since I knew him, and may have become a little intoxicated with his success, and this may possibly be one element in that tone of arrogance and infallibility which is so offensive. But my idea is that it is due quite as much to the passionate ardour with which he takes up every cause that appeals to his sympathy. He is certainly brilliant; but if I am to judge from *The Advance*, I should say that he is sadly de-

ficient in the logical faculty. I fail to trace any evidence of a clear and definite system, either in religion or politics, in the paper. He may consider this a tribute to its independence, but more impartial judges, even if they acquit him of interested motives, will certainly pronounce it as indicative of shallowness leading to vacillation and inconsistency."

"In other words," said Parsons, "you credit the journal and its editor with noble impulses, but nothing more. I am afraid that will be but a poor consolation for our friend Baring, while he feels that his son is lending all his talents and energy to the promotion of movements with which he not only has no sympathy, but which he regards with intense aversion."

"A father's pride in a son who promises to make a name in the world may certainly lead him to tone down judgments which would otherwise certainly be strongly adverse. But even that can hardly be expected to reconcile him to such dashing and determined attacks on much that he venerates as most sacred. Look for example at yesterday's issue. There is an article on a great Socialist demonstration, written in the most sympathetic spirit, and laying down principles which make even robust Radicals like myself shudder. Further on we have a review of a new scientific book, in which the most daring theory of evolution is set forth as though it had passed out of the region of speculation or discussion, and had already become accepted scientific teaching. Why, the very mention of evolution acts on Mr. Baring as the red rag on a bull."

"Let us hope, at all events, that Ernest may outlive these vagaries. From your account, he must be a young man capable of doing good work, if acting under right influence; and as he seems to be subject to strong accessions of feeling, let us hope that the next swing of the pendulum may be in the direction of sounder and truer views."

The two friends, between whom this conversation took place, were residents in the little town of Hampton-on-Wye. Both were natives of the place, both had retired from business, and both had literary tastes, in the gratification of which

they passed a good deal of their leisure. Parsons had spent the active part of his life in Bristol, where he had carried on an extensive mercantile business, but having "made his pile" (as the Americans have taught us to say), which, by the way, was a much more moderate one than generally contents the Americans themselves, he had retired to spend his closing days in his native town. His friend Wilmot had spent his whole life at Hampton. He was for many years the great banker, not only of the town, but of a wide district round, in which his name was a synonym both for integrity and intelligence, but had recently retired from active life, and devolved the management of the large and flourishing business upon his partners. Neither of these gentlemen was filled with any ambition for public honours, but they were both conspicuous in every philanthropic movement in the district.

It was not always that they were in such an amiable mood and perfect agreement as we have seen them. They had their own opinions, and as each held firmly, not to say obstinately, to his own views, they not unfrequently came into collision. Parsons was one of a class of men who pride themselves on their neutrality, but at heart are strong partizans. He loved to describe himself as an unsectarian Christian, and in politics a Conservative Liberal, but his undenominationalism consisted in a strong attachment to the Established Church, combined with a patronizing air to Nonconformists, which he mistook for Christian charity; while any traces of Liberalism were very hard to discover in that strong Conservatism which became more prosperous and wealthy. Wilmot, on the other hand, was a Dissenter, a member of Mr. Baring's church, but though he was sufficiently decided in his opinions, he had no love for any aggressive action. Those who did not know him might even suspect that he was lukewarm in his ecclesiastical and political principles, but if, presuming on this, any one ventured to make a disparaging remark on Dissent or Liberalism, he was very likely to find himself somewhat sharply brought to book. It was thus that he often came into unexpected collision

with persons who did not remember his sensitive points, and would very probably not have considered them even if his memory had been less treacherous. Both of them, however, had a natural repulsion to the extreme ideas of which the young writer in *The Advance* had become the exponent. Wilmot was not afraid sometimes to talk of himself as a Radical, and Radical he was in the best sense of that abused term. But though his opinions would have been regarded as extreme even by many Liberals who considered themselves advanced, he was neither violent in speech nor rash in action, but believed in a policy of steady progress. The new developments of Radicalism, tending to scarcely-veiled Socialism, were of all things the most abhorrent to him. He therefore regretted the action of one whom he had known as a child, and in whom he had taken considerable interest, with an even stronger aversion than the Conservative Churchman. In the mind of the latter, there was a secret satisfaction at the idea that this was the legitimate development of principles which he had always regarded with distrust. With Wilmot, on the contrary, there was an extreme mortification. He had hoped much for the young man who seemed to him now to be misusing his talents and throwing away his own opportunities.

"Just like him," he growled to himself, as he went away. "He was always spoiling his chances by impetuosity. But he was a fine fellow for all that, and I am not going to turn upon him because of a little extravagance."

CHAPTER II.

ERNEST BARING, with whose intellectual development this story will be largely occupied, was the son of the Congregational minister of Hampton, who was himself a man of considerable mental power, and of far more than average culture. It is open to question whether there might not have been found more scholarship in the Dissenting parsonages of small towns and villages at that day than there is at present. Men did not live at such high pressure, and where there

were any scholarly tastes there was more opportunity for their gratification. Hence in many a quiet spot there were to be found Congregational ministers who were careful students, and who in theological learning, at all events, were fully able to hold their own with the Oxford or Cambridge graduate who might be the rector of the parish, and very often indeed proved themselves his superiors. Mr. Baring was one of this stamp. His early educational opportunities had not been great, but his diligence in the use which he made of those which he had, had done something to compensate for this serious disadvantage. A successful student at Middleham College, he had entered upon the pastorate fairly equipped for the work, and had spared no effort to keep himself abreast of the intelligence of the day. He was an independent thinker, but with a strong bias in favour of Calvinistic theology, and with a tendency to be somewhat dogmatic in the maintenance of his views. But this was to some extent counteracted by a kindly spirit and a friendly manner which had won him the respect of all parties in the town. Hampton, indeed, had not a more respected citizen, and the reputation he had won was well deserved by his many services, not simply to his own congregation, but to the town at large.

Ernest was an only son, and he was a son of whom any father might reasonably have been proud. For while he early gave promise of great intellectual power, there was also a sweetness of spirit which endeared him to all his friends. The town could boast of a grammar school of considerable reputation, and it was there Ernest was educated, and there that he early learned great lessons of resolution and self-reliance, which stood him in good stead in after years. The large majority of his schoolfellows belonged to the Established Church, and were ready enough to direct their taunts and gibes at the son of the Dissenting parson. At first the high-spirited boy found it hard to bear this usage, and once or twice he was provoked into angry retort, ending in personal combats, of which his father heard, and against the repetition of which he warned him. Ernest was too wise and too obedient to slight such counsels, and

he set himself to a discipline of self-restraint, which not only enabled him in time to break down this unworthy opposition, but was a most helpful preparation for his future life. Such self-conquest was all the more difficult because he was a lad of ardent and impetuous nature. As they were reading in class one day, he came to the expression *και εγενετο φλοξ*, and the idea so tickled one of his class-mates that it afterwards became a favourite mode of describing him, and, in truth, the description was not inappropriate. There was very much of light and heat in his nature. He was full of excitement, eager in catching up new ideas, passionate in his sympathy with all suffering, and in his indignation against all wrong-doing. Beyond most of his companions he was deeply interested in all that was going on in the world around. Newspapers were not so common in those days when the full effects of the removal of what used to be known as "taxes on knowledge" had not yet been developed, and Hampton had no paper of its own, and those of the district were dear and not very full of information. Still such as they were Ernest contrived to get hold of them, and to make their contents his own. He had friends in Hampton, by whose kindness he was able to obtain a perusal of a few newspapers and magazines, and the privilege was one which he highly prized. Unfortunately for himself he had no love for sports, and the time which others devoted to them he spent in miscellaneous reading. Hence he grew up a somewhat precocious youth, with a slight tendency to be priggish, which would have been more offensive had it not been relieved by his general amiability of character. As might be expected from one of so fervid a nature, he was excitable, and to some extent passionate. But there was neither malignity nor vindictiveness even in his fiercest tempers, and so though he used to have occasional disputes, it may truly be said that he made no enemies.

Ernest was really fond of his father, although his discipline partook of the severity of the last generation rather than the extreme laxity of the present. Mr. Baring did

not believe that the best way of managing children was to make them the dictators of the household. He had his own ideas of right, and was determined that in his house they should be respected by all the members. That they were sometimes pushed too far, especially in Ernest's earlier years, would have been confessed by himself as age mellowed his spirit, and experience corrected some of his opinions. His son never rebelled, though he often chafed under a discipline which he felt to be needlessly harsh, and which left a permanent impression upon his character in implanting a resolute hatred of all oppression which sometimes went dangerously near a revolt against authority of every kind. But his respect for his father was never weakened, even by action whose justice was not always apparent to himself. He believed him to be carrying out, often at a sacrifice to his own feelings, his own conception of his duty, and though he often fretted under the yoke, and perhaps for a few days carried resentment of some specially arbitrary procedure, this soon passed away, overborne by the signs of the father's deep affection and the son's sense of his real worth. The sternness of the rule undoubtedly gave an aspect of gloom to the boy's childhood, but such was the elasticity and buoyancy of his nature that he suffered less from such a check than would have been the case with most boys.

Besides, whatever was harsh in the father found more than ample compensation in the exceeding tenderness of his mother. Ernest admired, honoured, loved his father, but for his mother he had a passionate affection, which was richly deserved and fully reciprocated. Mrs. Baring was no common woman. Long before the "higher education" of women had become one of the favourite objects with wise reformers, she was an example of what self-culture could accomplish. Though she belonged to a family of higher standing in the social scale than that from which the wives of Dissenting ministers are generally taken, no special pains had been taken with her education. What was supposed to be necessary for the training of a young lady had been done and well done, but nothing more, and if she was far above the level of her circle in point of intelligence, she

owed it to herself. She was singularly bright, quick in perception, with a retentive memory, and with a power which even well-informed people do not always possess of turning to good account the considerable stores of knowledge she possessed. Possibly, had she lived in these times, she might have exercised her gifts in public, though she was too sensitive and reserved ever to have been a platform woman. But in conversation her power was remarkable. Alertness of mind and singular felicity of expression, combined with a true and sympathetic nature, made her a charming talker. But with all her intellectual gifts, she was a true woman, full of tenderness and grace, winning the hearts of others by her unfailing sympathy. As for Ernest she was his ideal, and the affectionate reverence in which he held her exercised the happiest influence upon his own character.

To her, indeed, he owed his own finest qualities. The solidity and strength, the sturdy independence, the untiring perseverance, which marked him even as a boy, came chiefly from his father, but the glowing fervour of nature, which was his most striking characteristic, and which, in fact, ennobled and beautified all the rest, was derived from his mother. So, too, with all his religious ideas and feelings. It was happy for Ernest that these were not got from his father, with his sombre Calvinism, but from his mother, in whom these stern doctrines, so far as they were held at all, were toned down and softened by her own natural gentleness. She was a simple-hearted, devout, loving Christian, but, truth to tell, she was but little of a theologian. She would sometimes talk with her husband on the mysteries of Predestination and the eternal decrees, and show, not only a certain liking for these speculations, but also a capacity for dealing with them which would come upon others as a surprise. But she did not often engage in controversies which were apt to develop some heat on the part of her husband, who did not care to have his views challenged, especially when the challenge was supported by arguments he was not always able to refute. Not the less did she hold fast by the more human, and shall we not say

also the more Divine, ideas which tempered her theology. She would have avowed herself a Calvinist, and there were some truths of the system on which she loved to dwell, but, half-unconsciously to herself, she had drifted away from its severer teachings.

The little parsonage at Hampton was, indeed, the scene of frequent theological discussions, which would hardly be understood in these times, so completely has the whole tone of thinking been changed. Among the deacons of the church were two, at least, who had made a study of theology, and dearly loved to discuss its mysteries with their minister, and, perhaps even better still, with their minister's wife. Occasionally the little circle was joined by a third, a theological free lance, who would belong to no Church, because no minister was sound in the faith, which, in his view, was the faith according to William Gadsby. Calvin interpreted Paul, and Gadsby interpreted Calvin, while he himself interpreted Gadsby, so that the truth contained in the New Testament had undergone no slight variation before it reached the standard to which he would have every man conform. This gentleman was as hot in temper as he was extreme in his theological opinions, and, when crossed in any of his favourite ideas, was apt to explode with considerable vehemence. "You deny that God can be the author of sin," he shouted at the top of his voice to an opponent in one of these controversies, who had been staggered by some of his wild assertions, "then you are a blasphemer." The conclusion was not manifest, but logic was not the strong point of this dogmatist. These memories of bygone times strike us very strangely to-day. But there was an intensity about these disputants which compels us to regard them with a certain respect, however seriously we may differ from them. With the exception of the minister, they were all men in humble life, with little or no education, but with considerable robustness of intellect, which they had concentrated upon theological subjects. They had but few books, and, unfortunately, their reading was as one-sided as it was limited. Still there was a reality about them which constrains respect. They used to talk as though life and death

depended upon the conclusions they reached. They too often grew very excited with each other, and at such times Mrs. Baring was always a gracious and moderating influence. She knew how to soothe their excited feelings, and would lead them by some unexpected path into broader lines of thought. She was, in fact, a larger-hearted thinker than she herself understood, and it was a happy thing for her son that he came under so sweetening and liberalizing an influence. How it affected him in after times of conflict will appear in the course of this narrative.

(To be continued.)

UNIONIST DELUSIONS.*

It is not in a boastful mood, still less with any intention of offending any good Liberal (and there are some such) who still hesitates to commit himself to Home Rule, that we assert that the game of Liberal Unionism is played out. We wish it were possible to add that Liberal Unionists generally had turned from the error of their ways, and come back to their old allegiance. Every election that occurs supplies fresh evidence that this is so in the case of the rank and file, but, with a few honourable exceptions, the leaders with their immediate *entourage*, remain irreconcilable, and are drifting further and further from their old friends. What we mean by saying that Liberal Unionism is passing away, is that Unionism is strangling the Liberalism of those who at first were so anxious to assure us that it was only on one question that they were at variance with the great majority of the party. This has done more than anything else to prevent the increase of the party, and to draw away from it those who care more for the great reforms in which all Liberals are directly interested than for waging a hopeless struggle against the national aspirations of Irishmen. So strong, indeed, is the tendency of "Liberal Unionism" to Conservatism, that as Sir George

* *Unionist Delusions.* By ALBERT V. DICEY. (Macmillan & Co.)

Trevelyan pointed out in his speech at Sunderland, Lord Hartington has begun to speak of the followers of Mr. Gladstone as the "Liberal" party. The recognition of this fact will do much to remove misapprehension, and by more exactly defining the position of the opposing parties, abate that bitterness which has been too evident in this controversy.

Lord Hartington, indeed, may well doubt his own right to a place in the Liberal ranks, when he finds himself, not only opposed to all the present aims of the vast majority of that party, but prepared even to acquiesce in a reactionary policy for the sake of upholding the Union in its present form for a short time longer. His lordship's utterances on the subject of Free Trade have hardly received the amount of attention which they deserve. Of course he is not in sympathy with that distinguished statesman, Mr. Howard Vincent, who has put himself forward as the leader of the "fiscal reform," *alias* Fair Trade, *alias* Protectionist party, but that gentleman must be hard to please if he is not content with the statements of the Whig chief. Here is what he says on this momentous question :

I do not think it would be possible for us to speak in too strong terms in deprecation of the adoption of such a policy as this by the Conservative party. I fully admit that I do not put the two questions of Fair Trade and Home Rule on an equal footing. I may say that I should look upon the adoption of some foolish retrograde measure in the direction of Fair Trade, which step could probably be soon retraced again without much mischief being done, as a much less grave misfortune than the separation of the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—a step which could never be retraced, at all events not without a great political convulsion.

We should have to search long for a more unstatesman-like utterance from any one who has any claim to be regarded as a statesman at all. Can Lord Hartington have seriously considered the result of an interference with that Free Trade system which was established only after one of the fiercest struggles of our times, and even then under the influence of the Irish famine? He talks jauntily of the repeal of any Protective duties after the danger to

the Union has passed over. It would be interesting to learn what length of time he allows for the extinction of a passion which, though at times repressed, has never ceased to stir the hearts of the Irish people since the passing of the Act of Union. Supposing this feat accomplished after the twenty years of resolute government which Lord Salisbury thinks necessary, or even after five, he has then to enter upon the work of undoing the evil which his Tory allies have perpetrated. But here is a preliminary difficulty. The victory over the Irish people means the ascendancy of Toryism, and of Toryism of an extreme type. Is it to be supposed that it will use its power for the purpose of putting restraint upon its own madness? Even if the country remained Liberal and sent a majority of Liberals to the House of Commons, as soon as the Unionist Alliance was dissolved, the Lords would still have to be reckoned with, and under any conditions we must be prepared for years of Protection. His lordship treats the matter with a levity which is perhaps natural in the heir to a great dukedom, but which must have startled those of his hearers who, like Sir Joseph Lee or Mr. Ruston, are deeply interested in the trade of the country. The language which he uses in relation to Home Rule might as truly be adopted in relation to any "Fair Trade" measure. "The step could never be retraced, at all events without a political convulsion." If it be possible for anything to make the real Liberals in the party—such men as we have named, or Mr. Neville Maskelyne, the political economist—cry Halt! it would be so extraordinary an abandonment of one of the proudest achievements of modern Liberalism. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bright will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" this deliverance of the statesman whom he is so proud to acknowledge as leader. An intimate friend and warm admirer of his observed to us that he believed Mr. Bright would vote for a tax on wheat rather than see Mr. Gladstone return to power. The letter in which he describes the vote of the Oxford caucus in terms more forcible than polite, shows that the prophecy exaggerated even his antipathy to the Nationalists and to

Mr. Gladstone for his sympathy with them. But it is more than possible he may be put to the test. The vote of the Oxford delegates cannot be treated with contempt, and, as the Tory leaders have secret leanings of the same kind, it is by no means certain that they would desire so to ignore it, or that they would be able to do it if they wished. The only influence which would have deterred them, and which they might have used for the purpose of holding their followers in check, is the fear of disturbing their much-boasted alliance. But Lord Hartington has dispelled that. He dislikes any tampering with Free Trade, but he will submit to that rather than vote in opposition to that admirable Ministry which is imprisoning Irish patriots, exasperating the Irish people by ridiculing their representatives for their Irish style and dialect, ruling the country by methods calculated to goad it to civil war, and so upholding the Union, and, what is even more important, baffling Mr. Gladstone. After this it would be an abuse of adjectives to call his lordship a Liberal. He is said to be straightforward, but his is more the straightforwardness of open apostasy and unconcealed personal antagonism of his old chief.

Underneath all the boasted patriotism of the Unionist lies this bitter hate of the illustrious statesman, whose greatness they seem unable to appreciate. It is not we only who say this. Lord George Hamilton, an unexceptionable witness on such a point, at a meeting immediately after the Unionist Conference, boasted that the great party was held together by distrust of Mr. Gladstone. In truth, their hatred of the statesman has prevented them from doing justice to their own objections to his policy. As we have never been among the fanatical devotees of Home Rule, and have always been alive to the practical difficulties which must arise in the construction of any measure of the kind, we are the more free to say that in our judgment the fundamental principle of the measure has never been thoroughly discussed. There has been very much controversy as to the lines on which any measure of the kind must be framed, but there has been far too little considera-

tion given to the objections which lie against the concession of Home Rule in any form, or to the possibility of some alternative policy, which might content the Irish nation without the creation of any Parliament in Dublin. Liberal Unionists have addressed themselves to the odious task of discrediting Mr. Gladstone instead of seeking to supply a practical disproof of the necessity for his measure. They have wearied themselves and their hearers also by puerile complaints of his dictatorship, accusations of undue precipitancy in the proposal of his measures, charges of concealment of his real intentions, and the like. But broad and comprehensive estimates of the effects of Home Rule have been sadly wanting. A friend of Mazzini, writing in one of the papers, and quoting the opinion of the great Italian as to the mischief to the cause of freedom, which must be the result of any weakening of the moral force belonging to the British Empire, touched chords far deeper than those on which Unionist orators are wont to play. To us the answer is obvious that nothing can so effectually reduce that imperial force as the existence of such a strife with its centre at the very heart of the Empire, but with its ramifications extending to its most remote colonies. Still it is an objection, and one that would have weight even if its premisses could be established. But instead of giving due prominence to reasoning of this kind, they have devoted themselves chiefly to railing against Mr. Gladstone, or recently against Sir George Trevelyan.

The policy is bad, to say nothing of any graver objections to such unworthy tactics. A people may for a time grow tired of the incessant eulogies upon a great statesman, but if he be a true man and they be not lacking in generous instincts the reaction is sure to come. The story of Aristides has had many parallels, and one is being enacted before us at present. The antagonism to Mr. Gladstone has overreached itself, and is, we believe, one cause of the increasing weakness of Liberal Unionists. That weakness was abundantly manifest even amid the boastings of the recent Conference. We do not underrate the influence of the Whig leaders. Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll,

and Lord Derby are men of whom any party might be proud, but the significant fact is that such men are not able to command a following. Never surely was there an army in which there was such an excess of officers. Indeed, as far as our observation has gone, it consists entirely of officers—the generals and colonels in Parliament, and their captains in the constituencies. The Radical section must be weak indeed when such prominence is given to Mr. Jesse Collings. Of course Mr. Chamberlain's absence from the country was a very serious loss to the Radical wing; but the curious feature of the case is that no representative of his views could be found except his man Friday. The utter collapse of Radical Unionism could not be more signally marked. Two years ago Mr. Chamberlain was the most popular man in the party except Mr. Gladstone, but he has shivered his own power in his vain attempts to resist the force of Liberal sentiment inspired and strengthened by Mr. Gladstone's teachings. We regret as much as any one the loss to the party of Mr. Chamberlain's distinguished ability, and when we hear him accused of jealousy or ambition, we are bound to say that we have seen quite as many evidences of these evil qualities in the words of some of his assailants. The spirit shown to him by men of his own class—mercantile men of great provincial centres—was not chivalrous, and boded ill for the future. Mr. Labouchere seems to have made it his business to drive Mr. Chamberlain into Toryism, and the mischief he has done by his ill-advised jests cannot easily be calculated. Of course Mr. Chamberlain ought to have risen superior to such influences, but possibly even those who are so ready to criticize him may have some human nature in themselves. But whatever judgment may be passed upon the politician, the significant fact is that one so recently an accepted Radical leader has been able to carry so few with him. He compromised his Radicalism by Tory alliance, and Radicals refuse to follow him. The net result is that the leaders are not only irreconcilable, but seem to be drifting rapidly to Toryism, but the rank and file instead of following have, in the vast majority of cases, returned to their allegiance.

A little book has been published by Professor Dicey under the suggestive title which we have given to this article. Professor Dicey is the constitutionalist of the party. He enjoys the distinction of always convincing those to whom he appeals, because he is always careful to appeal only to those who are convinced already. His case against Home Rule was designed only for those who regard British interests as paramount to every other consideration, and was proclaimed by his friends and admirers as an unanswerable argument. Unfortunately it did not touch those who held that Irish interests, and even Irish feelings, had just as much claim to be taken into account, and that above, and before all questions of interest on either side, was the question of righteousness. That, however, does not seem to come within the professor's field of vision, and in this respect he stands in contrast with Professor Freeman. So with this little book, which consists of seven letters which appeared originally in *The Spectator*, entitled "Unionist Delusions." It is pleasant to find in letters, which we are told in the first sentence of the brief preface are addressed to one class of readers alone, and are written solely with one object, so much with which we, who are not of the class, and who believe that it is doing more to retard progress of every kind than will easily be repaired, can nevertheless agree. For example, we are quite at one with him when he says, speaking of the Liberal Unionists, "Delusions are prevalent amongst us, which may bring our cause to ruin." We are agreed also as to some of the delusions which he names, though there are some others which he does not name that are of a more serious nature, and though those which he discusses would be stated by us in a somewhat different form. To take the first—

No idea more disastrously weakens the hands of Unionists than the belief that the Home Rule controversy can be closed by a compromise. . . . The notion that human ingenuity can find a satisfactory half-way house lying somewhere between the maintenance of the Union and the concession to Ireland of genuine Home Rule is a delusion.

Mr. Dicey is quite right. There can be no compromise. For the ruthlessness with which he sweeps away all the talk about an extended system of local government by which so many well-meaning people have been bamboozled we are indebted to him. It is a distinct gain to the cause of truth that the issue should be frankly stated. It is, however, open to very serious question, whether the "delusion" has weakened or strengthened the hands of Unionists. Certain it is that numbers of votes were given to their candidates on the supposition that there would be a compromise. Now we are told that "the United Kingdom is a nation, and has a right to be governed by the voice of its citizens," and that "the refusal to Ireland of a separate Parliament is the outward and visible sign of the unity of the United Kingdom." It might seem as though learned professors suppose themselves entitled to set forth any views which may suit the fancy of the hour, and expect them to be received as oracular utterances from which there is no appeal. It is, of course, an essential condition of infallibility that they should speak with the Unionist voice. It may be presumptuous for us even to put in a protest, but, nevertheless, we venture to describe the assertion that "the United Kingdom is a nation" as solemn nonsense. We have been accustomed all through this controversy to be told that Ireland is not a nation because in it there are different races, and yet now from the same quarter comes the assertion that the "United Kingdom" which includes all the races which are blended in the English, Scotch, and Irish peoples, is a nation. We have always regarded this denial of the nationality of Ireland as a piece of mere pedantry devised for the purpose of masking the inconsistency of Liberals who sympathized with Hungary and with Poland, but have only bitter words and cruel laws for Ireland. But it assumes even a worse character when the principle is thrown aside as soon as it has served its purpose. As to the destruction of this nationality by the grant of Home Rule in any form, it is well to remember that a separate Parliament existed in Ireland up to the beginning of the century, so that the "nationality" which is menaced by

Home Rule has only existed for eighty-seven years. But we do not propose to argue the question now. We simply note the confession which has been confirmed and accentuated by all that has subsequently occurred. There can be no compromise, not even the offer of a glorified vestry. The battle is *à outrance*.

But having gone thus far we must go farther. The alternative is not even Home Rule or the continuation of the present state of things, but is Home Rule or a further coercion leading to the withdrawal of such amount of self-government as the Irish have at present. It is impossible to maintain a system of representation for Ireland, and yet to keep a considerable number of her representatives permanently in prison. But that is the necessary outcome of the present situation. No one supposes that Mr. O'Brien will be so far affected by the unchivalrous and vindictive treatment to which he has been subjected by Mr. Balfour that when his term of imprisonment is over he will abandon the work of agitation. If he commits fresh offences he will of course be again imprisoned, and as with him so with others. But such a policy will turn the Parliamentary representation of Ireland into a farce, which must be ended. Nor will it stop here. Already the Lord Mayor of Dublin is in prison, and there is war with Irish Corporations and Boards of Guardians, and it is certain that so long as local bodies continue to exist they will be centres of opposition. The only course is to sweep them away, to terminate the mockery of constitutional forms, and to turn Ireland into a colony. If Unionists believe it possible to get the English democracy to imitate the policy of despots and deal with Ireland as Russia has dealt with Poland or Austria with Lombardy, that is one of the delusions which Mr. Dicey has, by inadvertence of course, omitted to chronicle.

Another of the "delusions" against which Professor Dicey warns his Unionist friends is faith in what he describes as a "precept of party loyalty." In other words, he has set himself to efface, as far as possible, the old distinctions between Liberal and Tory party, and, in fact, to get rid of

government by party. For to this unquestionably his whole reasoning tends. Of the petty personalities to which he condescends in his endeavour (a strange one certainly for any Liberal politician) to prove that Conservatives are as good as Liberals, we only say in passing that if we are to accept his conclusions there ought to be a revolution in the whole tone of political warfare, if only for the sake of public morality. Remembering how the Duke of Argyll assailed Lord Salisbury, not only on points of policy, but on questions of personal honour, and how Mr. Goschen refused, amid the cheers of the Liberal benches, to give the same nobleman a blank cheque, or how Lord Hartington was wont to speak of Lord Randolph Churchill, it is somewhat confusing to the moral sense to find these old enemies dwelling together in a spirit which anticipates the times when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. If indeed it could be said that with the end of party warfare there is also to be the end of a personal virulence which was the sin of their unregenerate days, and that they are resolved to adopt that lofty tone towards opponents of which Mr. Gladstone is so conspicuous an example, there would be reason to rejoice in the change. But there is an access of violence; it is the object only that is changed. Mr. Bright denounces Mr. Gladstone with the same truculence which he used to employ towards Tory peers with whom in these later days he has struck up so strange an alliance; while Unionist orators in general think it right to attack Sir George Trevelyan as though he had broken all the commands of the Decalogue. There is nothing which so destroys the faith of the people in the sincerity of public men as these bitter tirades. Lord Selborne is one of the most flagrant cases. His speech at the Conference was as bitter as a letter of John Bright's. They are both old men, they both claim to be influenced by Christian principles, they have both been intimate friends of Mr. Gladstone, and yet now they vie with each other in the extravagance of their censure, or, to speak more correctly, the violence of their abuse. If this is to be the result of the effacement of

party distinctions, the gain is, to say the least, very problematical.

Another of the strong delusions to which the Unionists are given up is that they will impose upon the nation by a display of the strength of the classes as arrayed on their sides. Had they been dealing with ten-pound householders, they might have produced some effect by the array of Irish landlords and capitalists at Leinster Hall, but Demos yields these classes but little respect. He knows more of the real value of their protest than his aristocratic teachers suppose, and his sympathies are with the struggling masses rather than those who rallied in such numbers in defence of privilege and ascendancy. He is beginning to perceive that the real causes of the troubled state of the country are rack-renting landlords of whom Lord Clanricarde is a type, or prejudiced officials who swarm at Dublin Castle, and have their agents in the person of resident magistrates scattered all over the country.

If Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen have nothing more to say on behalf of the "Union" (which, by the way, no one assails) than they said in their speeches at Dublin, they would act wisely in taking a period of rest from their arduous labours in order that they may replenish their exhausted stores of argument. Never was a demonstration more ostentatiously heralded or its signal success so triumphantly proclaimed, but it is hard to discover what has come of it. No candid person would deny the imposing character of the assemblage, but its real significance in relation to the issue which has to be decided is much more doubtful. The one point it proves is what no sane man has ever questioned. In reading the emphatic declarations that the meeting showed that Ireland was not unanimous for Home Rule, Sairey Gamp's question to her old confederate and friend would come to our mind, "Who deniges of it, Betsy?" The opposite assertion never has been made. What the meeting really did was to emphasize the statement which, when made by Mr. Gladstone, was so bitterly attacked, that it was a battle of the classes against the masses. The classes were at Leinster Hall in great

force, and the exultation of Dr. Patton and *The Times* is correspondingly great. But what else was to be expected? The thousands who gathered to testify their devotion to the Union represent that British garrison for whose sake this whole controversy is waged. But for the vested interests which they hold in Ireland, and which undoubtedly are menaced by any act of Home Rule, the struggle would never have assumed the serious character which it at present wears. There has now been for a long time past an earnest and honest desire on the part of the best class of British statesmen to govern Ireland righteously, but their efforts have too often been neutralized by the action of Dublin Castle and the classes connected with it. Of course they cheered Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen to the echo, and it seems were prepared to cheer Mr. Bright even more heartily had he been present. The point which really needs to be emphasized, but which of course is sedulously kept out of sight, is that it is for the sake of the "classes" who supplied the brilliant display at Leinster Hall that the peaceful progress of reform in this country has been interrupted, our entire system of party government thrown out of gear, political alliances broken, and even private friendships disturbed, to say nothing of the wreck of great reputations and the blighting of the fair prospects of at least one political chief. These are costly sacrifices to make in such a cause, especially when the ultimate result is a foregone conclusion.

Finally, it is a sheer delusion to fancy that the Englishman will be imposed upon by the argument that the extravagance of a few Irish members should be punished by the oppression of an entire people, nor can he be induced to believe that Ireland is on an equality with England, or that no new offence has been created by the Crimes Act, when Members of Parliament are imprisoned in Ireland for acts which are allowed on this side of the Channel, and were so on the other not twelve months ago. We can hardly be wrong in using the words of so eminent and impeccable a statesman as the Duke of Argyll, and addressing the Unionist party as he addressed Lord Beaconsfield

and Lord Salisbury, "My lords, you are found out." They may continue to deceive themselves till a general election with the pleasant idea that the country regards them as patterns of political virtue and high-souled patriotism. Far be it from us to question their possession of these virtues, but even they do not blind the people to the fact that Liberal Unionism is only Toryism under a new name.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EVENTS seem likely to justify the opinion which we have maintained throughout the whole of the painful Home Rule controversy that Unionism meant peril to Nonconformity in common with all other sections of Liberalism. It is this conviction which made us strongly anti-Unionist at the outset, long before the miserable Coercion policy of the Government revealed the true character of the party it represents. We have at times surprised some of our friends by the earnestness with which we have maintained this view, but we were influenced not merely by our belief in the righteousness and expediency of Mr. Gladstone's policy or by our profound admiration of himself, but by our belief that Unionism (unconsciously we admit to many of its supporters who have been alarmed at the idea of separation) meant the sacrifice of every principle of Liberalism. How can it be otherwise? The friends of sectarian education are demanding fresh concessions, and the Royal Commission is pretty sure to recommend that they be granted. The Government will only be too ready to meet their views, and what resistance can the Unionists offer? A similar concession to sectarianism is threatened in Ireland. Whatever be the truth as to the endeavour to enlist the Pope on the side of the paper Union, there can be no mistake as to the meaning of Mr. Balfour's hint about higher education in Ireland. It points to a Roman Catholic University for that country. Surely Nonconformists will be able to take some united action against such violations of the

principle of religious freedom. A "Nonconformist Vigilance Committee" might do valuable service at a time when the ordinary political organizations are absorbed in the question of the hour.

The protest signed by fifty-one ministers of the Gospel at Bristol, and the resolution of three hundred Nonconformist ministers in Lancashire, against the coercive policy pursued by her Majesty's Government in Ireland are significant as expressing in calm but expressive form the moral indignation of men who are certainly competent to form a judgment, and who have no special prejudice upon the subject, against a course of action which is not only discreditable to English chivalry, but contrary to those principles of justice by which a Christian nation ought ever to be guided. We are content to waive all question as to the righteousness or expediency of the law under which the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. O'Brien are at present lodged in Tullamore jail. Despite all the plausible talk about the repression of crime, it is perfectly clear that the Government act as though they had to stamp out what is nothing less than veiled rebellion, and very thinly veiled, if indeed it can be said to be veiled at all. It would be infinitely better in the interests of political morality, as well as for their own sakes, that they should honestly say so, instead of trying to hide the real character of their action, and denying in face of manifest facts to the contrary that they have created any new offence; but to say this would of course be to confess that in their view agitation for Home Rule is an act of rebellion. Their disingenuousness deprives them of the one effective argument in support of their action. Let it be conceded, for the sake of argument, that they are justified on the *salus reipublicæ suprema lex* principle in imprisoning men whom they regard as enemies to the State. Still, why should they lower their own character and in fact weaken their position by, to say the least, an ungenerous treatment of their prisoners. Their conduct towards Mr. O'Brien is

not likely to break his spirit, and instead of conciliating it will simply exasperate the Irish people. In the meantime it must lower the character of the Government in the minds of unprejudiced people by the vindictive character which it wears. One thing is certain, they will never succeed in persuading the English democracy that Mr. O'Brien and his companions are felons and should be treated accordingly. The distinguished "B" of *The Times* notwithstanding, there is a distinction between the extravagances of a political agitator and the frauds or violence of an ordinary criminal. One of the saddest results in connection with the present state of things is the tendency on the part of so many even of those who have called themselves champions of liberty to ignore this distinction, and in their professed zeal for law and order to condone an arbitrary violence on the part of the Government which is the very worst form of lawlessness. Even more ominous, if possible, is the specious sophistry by which this is defended on the ground that the Government is the elected of the people. To say nothing of the way in which the present Government has obtained its majority, and of the fact that the representatives of these "elected of the people" make it their boast that for four years they are independent of the people, the argument itself is a somewhat dangerous one, and in fact might be employed to justify some of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. For the present, however, those who employ it are in power, and all that the friends of a more liberal and enlightened policy can do is to enter their protest and to work for the propagation of wiser views.

It is to be devoutly hoped that the decision of the governors of the Milton Mount College will not only end the hostile agitation, but do something towards restoring the confidence of the churches generally in the institution. We still think it would have been better had the Executive Committee invited a full and searching inquiry into the questions which have been raised in the course of the discussion. Mr. Glover's argument as to the

cases of discipline which have been so earnestly taken up is really unanswerable. If all the allegations that have been made be taken for granted, they are trivial when compared with the incontestable facts on the opposite side. It must be added that if cases of discipline are to be dragged into public, and discussed all over the kingdom, it will be impossible to find either Lady principal or Executive Committee of character and standing worthy the reputation of the College. But the normal deficiency in the funds raises questions of a very different order, and questions which, as it seems to us, might be considered by an impartial committee with great advantage. It is easy to understand why the Executive should object to submit the case of Miss Tarrant, and still more of other aggrieved parties to arbitration, and should speak of it, as Mr. Harrison and Dr. Hannay did, as involving personal humiliation. As we are not ourselves in perfect accord with the decision of the Committee, judging by the statements put forth on both sides and regarding the treatment of Miss Tarrant as unduly severe, we may claim credit for impartiality in expressing the conclusion which after some doubt we have reached, that the Committee in taking this view were justified by what was due to themselves and to the future of the College. As to the first they must be more competent to form an opinion than those who came entirely fresh to the consideration of such questions. Even in suggesting a doubt as to the rustication of Miss Tarrant, we are perfectly conscious that we speak with but an imperfect knowledge of the facts, and there is no reason why the Committee, who understand them better, should submit their judgment to outside persons. It is still worse when we come to regard such action as a precedent, which it would certainly have been most dangerous to establish. In fact, with such a precedent discipline would become all but impossible. We are satisfied that these considerations will commend themselves to the judgment of sober-minded people the more they consider the question. It is quite otherwise as to the general policy of the institution. On this the churches

must be satisfied, or the income of the College will show constant deficits. This is not a healthy state of things, even though the spasmodic efforts of a few may adjust the balance. The Committee, therefore, have acted in a wise and conciliatory temper in consenting to the motion for the appointment of a committee to act with the treasurer in placing before the constituency generally the present position of the College with the view principally of increasing its funds. Of course this involves an examination of the objections to the policy, and if these be handled wisely the result may be very satisfactory. Our one point is that of Mr. Scrutton, the College must be put in a position of security and strength, and the sooner steps are taken to present its claims fairly to the churches the better.

The invitation from Plymouth Church to our friend, Rev. C. A. Berry, which has excited so much attention, is a decided honour to him, but he has won a still higher title to confidence and esteem by the wisdom he has shown in declining it. Mr. Berry is an Englishman, owes his best services to England, and we are satisfied will do better work in England than in America. We are gratified that he has disappointed cynical journalists like Mr. Labouchere, who scoffed at the idea that there could be any real hesitation when a minister is invited to a higher position and a better stipend. But we rejoice still more that we are to retain a man of such promise and power. Such men are all too few, and we certainly could not regard with any complacency the withdrawal from our ranks of one who has so well justified his right to a foremost position. Wolverhampton congratulates itself on retaining a beloved pastor, and the churches generally may congratulate Wolverhampton on the wise and generous spirit it has shown in a serious crisis of its history.

THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY TABLE.

A LARGE wholesale bookseller remarked in the course of conversation the other day that this season has hitherto presented a marked contrast to the last so far as the production of great books has been concerned. This is unquestionably true. We have many books of interest, but hardly one that can be classed as great, except the *Life and Letters of Darwin* and the closing volumes of Kinglake's *Story of the Crimean War*. Whether the latter is a book to place in the class of which we speak is a question on which there may be difference of opinion. The answer to it depends very much on the claim which is made for it. As a piece of literary workmanship, and an example of brilliant and felicitous style, it must live. But if we had to judge of it as a history our verdict would not be quite so decided. We do not question its accuracy, and its value as a vivid portraiture of an interesting group of actors in one of the most critical periods of the century cannot be over-estimated. Still, important as the Crimean War was in itself and in its influences on the fortunes of the French Empire, we cannot afford to have history written on so large a scale. The biography of Darwin has produced the kind of sensation which was expected from it. The sale has been very large, and the interest awakened very considerable. Whether the book will fulfil all the hopes and desires of the scientists is not quite so certain. Of Darwin as a singularly devoted and close student of nature, a patient observer, a humble servant of truth, ready to buy it at whatever cost of labour, it will even enhance the estimate which had previously been formed. But we doubt whether it will do anything to confirm the faith of impartial men in his theories. The book has been, however, one of the great successes of the season. We have had an unusually large number of *Personal Reminiscences*. Everybody who has been in society, however humble a position he may have occupied, seems bent on giving us his recollections of the people he has met, and the events of which he has had any knowledge. In giving us these autobiographical memoirs

some have been wise while some have been otherwise. It would have been a pity if Mr. Frith had withheld his most attractive volumes, and the same may be said in relation to those of Mr. T. A. Trollope. Like him, Sir Frederick Pollock belonged to a clever and attractive family, but the Baronet was not one of its more distinguished members, and though his two volumes are not without many points of interest, they cannot be said to deserve a high place even in their own class.

As might be expected books on Ireland continue to flow from the press. Two are of special value. The one is from the Duke of Argyll—*The New British Constitution and its Master Builders* (David Douglas, Edinburgh). The animus is indicated in the title, and the book is written with all the author's characteristic ability, but also with his equally characteristic bitterness as well as that self-confidence which, as Sir William Harcourt wittily put it, leads him to think that he knows politics better than Mr. Gladstone and science better than Mr. Huxley. The Duke is very able, but, as was said of a man of similar character, omniscience is his foible. Mr. Philip Daryl's book on *Ireland's Disease* (George Routledge) is of a very different type. It has received a very high commendation from Mr. Gladstone, and it is all the more deserved because it is in no sense the work of a partisan. Every one who would understand Ireland ought to read a book which gives the honest impression of a very thoughtful observer who has studied the country from the standpoint of the impartial and intelligent foreigner. Its spirit may be judged from a sentence in the preface. "All right-minded people will understand that the redress of Irish wrongs can only come out of a sincere and assiduous exposure of the real state of affairs, which is not healthy, but pathological, and manifests itself by peculiar symptoms." So honestly was the study carried out that Mr. Daryl was attacked "as an ally of *The Times* in its congenial task of vilifying the Irish people by grotesque and ridiculous caricatures." In connection with Ireland we may also note a monogram on *O'Connell and Peel* by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (C. Kegan Paul and Co). A little book on *Ireland* in the series called *The Story of*

the Nations (T. Fisher Unwin), is a very timely contribution to the subject. All these books are reserved for separate and fuller notice.

From Mr. T. Fisher Unwin we have a number of books among the most interesting of which to Congregational readers will be the posthumous volume of Mr. Baldwin Brown on his favourite theme, and one which has increasing interest and importance as it comes to be separated from the theological speculations with which it is too often entangled, entitled, *The Risen Christ: the King of Men*. The three volumes of Mr. Thring, the late head master of Uppingham, and certainly one of the most remarkable schoolmasters of his day, entitled, *Poems and Translations, Addresses, Uppingham School Songs and Borth Lyrics* have a charm of their own independently of that which belongs to them from their association with their gifted and lamented author. Among works of fiction we have from the same house *Caswell*, in two vols.; *One That Wins*, two vols., and *Under Suspicion*, one vol.

From Messrs. Macmillan come several books which are sure to have widespread interest, and to be of permanent value. Among these are Mr. Hutton's strikingly suggestive sketches of *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*. Mr. Cabot's *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, which leaves nothing to be desired in the biography of that eminent man. Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *Essays*, chiefly on poetry; Mr. Gifford Palgrave's *Ulysses*, a charming series of scenes and studies in many lands; the biographies of Miss Gilbert, who did so remarkable a work among the blind, and William Barnes, the well-known Dorsetshire poet, are all high-class works. Besides the works of fiction reviewed, we have *Harmonia*, by the author of "Estelle Russell."

From Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. we have *Studies from the Poetry of Robert Browning*, and a new volume of George Dawson's *Lectures*, including his well-known and popular ones on Shakespeare.

From Mr. John Murray we have one of those practical books from the pen of Dr. Smiles which are at once so attractive and so useful, entitled *Labour and Victory*, and a new edition of the *Life of Carey*.

MARION CRAWFORD'S TWO LATEST NOVELS.*

THESE two stories fully justify us in placing the author in the front rank of living novelists, if not in giving him the foremost place of all. Indeed, in originality of conception, in clearness of portraiture, and in finish of style, he has no rival. In the present stories the weakest place is in the plots. That of the first is of the slightest possible character, while that of the latter, though more full of movement and of interest, is somewhat lacking in unity and coherence, or to put it more exactly, the latter part of the story comes near to being almost a separate tale of its own. "Paul Patoff," however, is thoroughly interesting, not simply as a study of character and its sketches of Oriental life, but for the story itself. It is not, however, on this element that Mr. Crawford chiefly depends for his success. He writes for the more thoughtful readers to whom a high-class work of fiction is a recreation, but who are not content with the sensationalism of some or the fashionable frivolity of other circulating-library novels. His books are lessons in the manners and habits of the country where their scene is laid, in style, and often in some of the social or even religious questions of the times. Thus "Marzio's Crucifix" is a story of Rome, and depicts with graphic vividness and power some of the disturbing elements in the humbler class of Roman society, but also gives us some interesting pictures of life both in its homes and its workshops. The character of the man is told in the very first sentence of the book. "'The whole of this modern fabric of existence is a living lie!' cried Marzio Pandolfi, striking his little hammer upon the heavy table with an impatient rap." As he reveals himself in these words so is he throughout the tale. His brother is a priest, and as secretary to one of the leading cardinals is able to procure him orders for metal work in connection with the churches. But though he is thus able to drive a very prosperous business and to make money out of the Church, that does not prevent him

* *Marzio's Crucifix*, in Two Vols.; *Paul Patoff*, in Three Vols. By F. MARION CRAWFORD (Macmillan and Co.).

from railing at it and its clergy. Now and then it seemed as though he had some qualms of conscience, but they were easily silenced, and he went on abusing the Church and hating the brother to whom he owed the prosperity of his trade; but at the same time pocketing the gains of a business in which he was an acknowledged master. He was an atheist and a revolutionary socialist, at least in talk, and the character is worthy of study because it is a type of a class which is already large on the Continent, and threatens to become more considerable in this country.

He had nothing to gain by the revolutions he dreamed of, and he might lose much by any upsetting of the existing laws of property. He was, therefore, perfectly sincere, so far as his convictions went, and disinterested to a remarkable degree. These conditions are often found in the social position of the true fanatic, who is the more ready to run the greatest length, because he entertains no desire to better his own state. . . . In the back room of his inn, Marzio could find loud and cutting words in which to denounce the Government, the monarchy, the Church, and the superiority of the aristocracy. In real fact, Marzio took off his hat when he met the king in the street, paid his taxes with a laudable regularity, and increased the small fortune he had saved by selling sacred vessels to the priests against whom he inveighed. Instead of burning the Vatican and hanging the College of Cardinals to the pillars of the Colonnades, Marzio Pandolfi felt a very unpleasant sense of constraint in the presence of the only priest with whom he ever conversed, his brother Paolo.

The portrait drawn with so much skill is a fair illustration of the care with which all Mr. Crawford's work is done. His hero was not more anxious about every point in his crucifixes or vases, than is our author as to every line of his book, and this admirable finish of workmanship is one of their principal charms. As with the central figure so with the other members of the family group, the priest, the mother and daughter, both of whom represent different types of devotion to the Church, and the young workman who is agitated between the socialism in which he has been trained and the better ideas which are springing up in his heart under the influence of his betrothed and the priest her uncle. There is comparatively little incident in the story, which is mainly subjective in its character, and depicts in very striking manner the conflict between superstition

and unbelief in the artist's mind. It would be impossible to give even an epitome of it, but the feeling with which we lay down the book by which we were thoroughly interested can to us be one only of deep sorrow that there should be no representation of Christianity to the Italian mind except that given by cardinals and priests.

The hero of "Paul Patoff" is a Russian, who had an English mother, but the scene is laid at Constantinople. It must not however be supposed from this that it has anything to do with Russian intrigues. For though we are introduced to the select circle which gathers round the ambassadors we hear nothing of any political intrigues. The story deals with the private lives of individuals, and the interest is fully sustained throughout. But its artistic unity appears to us to be somewhat marred by that part of the story which follows the discovery of the lost brother. The greater part of the third volume is too much in the nature of an appendix. At all events it should have been so worked into the other part as to make the story more of an organic whole. We feel, however, that such criticism is but small in presence of the real merit of the book. We are indebted to it for pictures of life at Constantinople, which for their realism are unequalled. This is indeed one of the principal qualities of Mr. Crawford's art. He is a keen observer of details, and what he sees he is able to describe with masterly power. His whole description of life on the Bosphorus is very charming. In particular his picture of the grand ceremonial at St. Sophia is wonderfully impressive. We have only to place this by the side of a singularly realistic sketch of an English drawing-room in order to appreciate the remarkable pictorial power of the writer.

NONCONFORMIST SERMONS.

Sermons from a Sick-Room. By ALEXANDER MACKENNA, B.A., D.D. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) *The Goodness of God.* Sermons by ABSALOM CLARK. (Elliot Stock.) *Religion and Life.* By P. W. DARNTON. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) *The First Epistle of*

Paul the Apostle to Timothy. By ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B., B.A. (J. Nisbet and Co.) Sermons coming from the Congregational pulpit just now are likely to be keenly scrutinized in some quarters, in order to see whether they confirm or refute the suspicions which are so industriously scattered as to the orthodoxy of our ministry. We have before us four volumes, coming from men at different stages in their official life. First we have the honoured Chairman of the Union, whose "Sermons from a Sick-Room" are unique in character, and have a tender interest and special charm of their own. As most of our readers will remember, Dr. Mackennal had a serious accident some years ago, which incapacitated him for public service, and confined him to a sick-room for several months. Seven of the sermons in this little volume were written for his congregation and read at the Wednesday evening services. Another was preached on the first Sunday after his recovery, while the remaining four sermons were written under the influence of sympathy for the sufferings of others; "the sick-room," out of which the author came to write them, having risen before his memory while transcribing them for the press." A volume like this is not to be tried by the tests of theological criticism. It is a book of consolation, in which we do not expect to have doctrines analysed or creeds expounded. What we have a right to ask from a Christian teacher is that the spirit of Christ shall be everywhere present. There may be a doctrinal teaching perfectly sound and orthodox, which is nevertheless not Evangelical; and there may be teaching in which there is, from the nature of the themes specially treated, but little of the doctrinal element, but which is, nevertheless, intensely Evangelical. This is the character of Dr. Mackennal's sermons. They are full of quiet spiritual thought, enriched with wise and pregnant observations on men and human life, singularly tender and sympathetic, and from first to last saturated with the spirit of Christ. The author is not dealing with the first principles of the gospel, but with those precious consolations which the Master gives to those whose trust is in Him, and he ministers them as one who has himself experienced their sweetness and preciousness. The book is sure to be both popular and useful. It is eminently fitted to relieve the solitude of the sick-room, and to teach the weak and suffering soul "out of its stony rocks Bethels to raise." A spirit of serene trust and holy confidence pervades the whole, such as is specially helpful amid experiences of pain and sorrow. The secret is, that as it has been given to himself, Dr. Mackennal gives it to others. It is with the same comfort with which he has been comforted of God, that he has been able to comfort others. The key-note of the whole is Christ the Consoler. The book would have been impossible except to one who knew Christ as his own Friend and Lord, and it does infinitely more than many an elaborate treatise to bring Christ Himself near to the heart.

Rev. Absalom Clark, whose volume stands next on our list, belongs to the older generation, as it is forty years since he entered on the work of the ministry. It would, therefore, be expected that his dis-

courses should have about them something which younger men are charged with having lost. But we must say that we do not recognize any diversity. There may be a difference in the line of thought pursued, possibly a subtle difference of tone, which practised ears might detect, but on all the essential features there is complete agreement. Mr. Clark, indeed, speaks of the "larger hope" in a more doubtful way than many of our younger men would adopt, but there is nothing which suggests that he regards it as a hypothesis inconsistent with loyalty to the Evangelical faith. "I think (he says) we have ample ground for the belief that all shall hear the gospel, and that every man shall be without excuse who thrusts it from him, and thus judges himself unworthy of eternal life; but that we cannot find in the Word of God a sufficient ground for the 'larger hope' that all men will ultimately be saved." The concession in the first sentence would carry Mr. Clark far too far for those who have led the American Board to refuse to send out missionaries who teach the possibility of an after-death probation for the heathen who have never heard of Christ. We prefer to deal with this great question on the principles laid down by Mr. Clark himself in his admirable sermon on God's hiding Himself. May not this be one of the "secret things" which God has purposely not revealed, and can we not trust that "somehow good will be the final goal of all." But Mr. Clark's sermons were not intended to be discussed as a theological treatise. That is precisely what they are not. They are a memento of a long and useful ministry, and are sure to be greatly prized by the members of the congregation to whom they were addressed, and to whom they are now dedicated. They are careful expositions of great truths or wise pastoral counsels, written with great care, and an earnestness of devout feeling, which gives them force and impressiveness.

We owe an apology to Mr. Darnton for delay, due to inadvertence, in the notice of a book which has about it many elements of usefulness. More than half the volume is devoted to sermons on the Book of Ecclesiastes. The difference between recent sermons on this book, including those before us, and those of a past generation, is that in the latter the desire was to find the gospel in the book, whereas present-day preachers, instead of prosecuting a somewhat doubtful quest, are anxious to deal with the book itself. Mr. Darnton does this in an earnest, practical style, and his sermons on the teachings of Coheleth present old themes with considerable freshness. We turn to the sermon on "Salvation by the Cross" for an exhibition of doctrine, and find it such as ought to satisfy the most exacting as to the Evangelical character of the preacher's doctrine. At the same time, it helps us perhaps to understand the kind of objection which some raise to much of the preaching of the day, and suggests a possible defect. As to the need of the sacrifice and its sufficiency there is no uncertain sound, but there is not so much prominence given to the forgiveness which the sinner receives through the Saviour's death, as was once the case. But

this does not imply any change of view in relation to it. It means only that the preacher, in his anxiety to redress the comparative neglect with which the moral and spiritual effects of the death were formerly treated, has gone into the contrary extreme. It is a tendency of the times which needs to be corrected. Mr. Darnton speaks with emphasis and power of the terrible curse of sin. Forgiveness, therefore, is the first need of the sinner, and while giving its full place to the idea that salvation means deliverance from sin itself, we cannot make it too clear that the first word of the gospel is "Thy sin be forgiven thee." Till the penitent has learned that he cannot even enter on the strife against sin.

Rev. Alfred Rowland may still be reckoned among the younger men, and if his book fairly represent the spirit of teaching prevalent among them, Congregationalism need not fear to answer its enemies in the gates. His volume on the First Epistle to Timothy is meant to be a commentary for general use, and it is admirably adapted to its purpose. First we have brief expository notes which are intended, as our author says, "to place materials ready to the hands of busy builders in Christ's temple of truth and righteousness." This part of his task has been executed with tact and judgment. The exposition is followed by forty sermonettes, in which all parts of the Epistle are treated homiletically and practically. It is from these that we are able to judge of the character of the ministry, and the result is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Rowland evidently feels the supreme importance of that "faithful saying" which Paul commends to Timothy as the great theme of his own preaching, as well as the secret of his zeal, his usefulness, and his power. He does not evade difficulties, but treats them with wise thoughtfulness, and always in an evangelic spirit. Take these remarks on the "Atonement": "The Scripture asserts again and again, in types and in texts, that it is in virtue of the death of Christ that God can justly forgive, that except for His sacrifice the Divine love could not reach us, that by Him satisfaction was made to the law of God, and that pardon was not and could not be a mere act of grace. . . . These statements are beyond proof. They concern a sphere of existence about which we know absolutely nothing, except what is revealed in the Scripture." Here we have not only the vital truth of the gospel; but it is set forth with a wise discrimination which marks Mr. Rowland as a true and able minister of the New Testament.

MAGAZINE VOLUMES.

THE eminent services which the firm of Messrs. Cassell have rendered, and continue to render, to the cause of popular literature, give their magazines a claim to that precedence which we give them in our notice

of this year. We abjure an attempt to classify these different publications in order of merit. Every one of them is so admirable in its own way that mere comparisons would certainly be extremely invidious and unprofitable. *The Quiver* certainly need not admit its inferiority to any of its compeers. It does not indeed contain those "three volume novels," which have come to be so important a feature in some of its rivals, but it has quite sufficient of the element of fiction and of a character and style which seem to us more in harmony with the original idea of such a magazine. But its attraction lies rather in other articles which succeed in preserving a remarkable amount of freshness and variety. Among those which have interested us most are Dr. Roberts' papers containing reminiscences of departed members of the New Testament revision company. We certainly do not agree with the writer in the opinion expressed in his first paper that the revised version of the New Testament is the greatest literary shipwreck of the generation. But we do share his opinion that it might have been an infinitely greater success if the prudent counsels of Archbishop Trench, who is the subject of his first sketch, had been followed, and some of the rash and needless innovations insisted upon by others had been eschewed. The sketches of the archbishop and of the other revisers who have passed away are all done in a sympathetic spirit, and are interesting because of the pleasant personal recollections with which they are interspersed. As usual, *The Quiver* contains a number of new hymn tunes, some of them of considerable merit. Its "Short Arrows" are full of information and suggestion, and are not the least interesting part of a magazine which certainly is admirably adapted, as it professes, for both Sunday and general reading.

The Family Magazine has a distinctive character, and its publishers do wisely in preserving it. It has an abundant supply of stories and other general reading, but its main feature is the manner in which it caters for the various demands of domestic life. Take, e.g., the papers by a Family Doctor. They are all full of practical wisdom, and wisdom on points which are daily coming up. Here is the first on "Why can't I sleep?" the question which we fear is being continually asked by an increasingly large number of sufferers from insomnia. One piece of advice which the doctor gives, "Avoid fret and care and over-excitement during the day, determine if you can that nothing shall annoy or irritate you," is not, however, so easy to obey as it is to prescribe. Could it be universally followed, we are inclined to think that very much of the other might easily be dispensed with. Recognizing the difficulty or impossibility of fully complying with such a counsel, the rest of the advice seems eminently wise and practical. So with the suggestions as to "Food fit for Invalids," and the worth of fish as a food. The latter especially is full of valuable hints. Of course every doctor has his fads, and the writer here discourages all fish except oysters for supper, whereas we have heard others give the opinion that it is of all suppers at once the most digestible and nutritious. But we must not

continue. Suffice it to say that all these papers are marked by that common sense which in our judgment is as important an element in wise medical treatment as in sound law. The "Gatherer" seems to have been abroad everywhere, and to have collected a useful variety of hints on all kinds of subjects. Not the least valuable series of papers is that on "Remunerative Employment for Gentlemen," but altogether the magazine is an admirable family companion.

Little Folks (Cassell & Co.) is one of the best, if it is not the best, magazine for the young. We, at all events, know of no better one. Its contents are exceedingly varied and attractive, and no pains have been spared in order to adapt it to the tastes and wants of those for whom it is intended. Serial stories, short stories, "Customs of the World," "Brave Deeds of British Heroes," "Baby Quadrupeds and Their Ways," are among the more noticeable features of the volume. If it were not invidious to single out any special item from the table of contents, where all are so excellent, we should mention the "Editor's Pocket-Book Jottings, Here, There, and Everywhere"—a happy idea well worked out.

The Religious Tract Society with its four separate magazines makes provision for different classes of readers, and holds its own in the presence of all competitors. As might have been expected, none of the magazines allow us to forget that 1887 was a Jubilee year, but one or two of the papers in *The Leisure Hour* deserve notice as being out of the common line. For example, we have the Jubilee grumbles of an old man who thinks that some things were better fifty years ago than they are now, but as he is a gentleman who prefers going by an ordinary train which would stop at most stations to the swift and luxurious travelling of the Wild Irishman or Flying Dutchman, and would rather be a fortnight than a week in crossing the Atlantic, there are some of his grumbles with which many would not sympathize, and others the justice of which we should be inclined to dispute. After all, old people should find something better to do than to grumble. *The Leisure Hour* is distinguished by its short biographies, which must ever be an attractive feature. Its stories are sound and healthy without being dull, and are all the better for their comparative brevity. One of the best of them is Fari Fenton's "Side scenes of the Garibaldian Revolution." Its notes on "Current Science, Invention, and Discovery" are full of most valuable information, done by thoroughly competent hands, and always up to date. The short paragraphs under the name of "Varieties" are full of pleasant and instructive reading. Not the least interesting feature of *The Sunday at Home* for the present year is the series of papers under the general title of "Hymnology." Various circumstances have combined to bring this subject into notice, and we heartily welcome the endeavour to give an intelligent direction to thought upon the subject. We are not enamoured of the new practice of plebiscites on any and every possible subject, and certainly one of the last subjects which we should have submitted to

such treatment is that of hymns. Still there is considerable interest in the list of the hundred best hymns as judged by the verdict of between 3,400 and 3,500 contributors. Everybody seems to consider himself competent to pronounce as to the value of a hymn, but it is impossible to listen to any great number of opinions without feeling how few of them are intelligent or entitled to any weight at all. Still it is interesting to get the average opinion on such a point. Our judgment certainly differs on many points from that of the majority. Watts does not seem to us to have had full justice done him, and the same may be said of Miss Havergal amongst the moderns. Still the list is a very interesting study. Why should not the Religious Tract Society publish a small penny hymn-book containing these hundred and fifty best hymns, with perhaps fifty additional ones, selected by the editor. It would be both useful and popular. We have not space to notice fully the other interesting papers under the general head of hymnology. The *Natural History Notes*, on the Revised Version of the Bible, are in every respect timely and valuable. Some of the floral illustrations in this volume are exquisitely beautiful. *The Boys' Own Annual* and *The Girls' Own Annual* are certainly wonderful productions, full of stories, hints about games, pieces of natural history, and in general that kind of information which young people most appreciate. Some of the illustrations in *The Boys' Own Paper* are singularly attractive, especially the coloured full-page prints, "Our Pleasure Navy," "Our English Fruit and Flowers," "Our Merchant Navy," "The Arms of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges and Halls," "The Kings and Queens of England," in *The Boys' Own*; "Sweet Seventeen," "An Old Portrait," and the "Room Beautiful," in *The Girls' Own Annual*, the latter being an admirable design for decoration of a girl's sitting-room, a trifle too æsthetic in style, but nevertheless very taking. The editors seem to have a very just appreciation of the tastes and needs of their respective constituencies. A short poem on a Girton Girl may with advantage be commended to the study of every member of that interesting college.

Good Words relies very largely upon its stories, and in the present volume it has no less than three which have appeared in separate form. "Old Blazer's Hero" was noticed by us last month, and we need not repeat the commendation which we then bestowed upon it. "Her Two Millions" is a very taking title, but we doubt whether Mr. Westall has made quite so much out of it as it seems to promise. Mr. Norris, whose "Major and Minor" is the third of these stories, always writes well, and his present story is worthy of his reputation. The poetry is always of a high order. The verses on "Gloom and Green," by Rev. R. F. Horton, are easy and flowing, and full of true spiritual feeling. We have Jubilee poetry from the Dean of Wells and from Dr. Walter Smith, which is fully equal to odes and hymns which have been issued with more pretension. Among other features of the magazine we may mention especially an interesting series of papers

entitled, "Recollections of American Authors," by F. H. Underwood; "Bible Characters," by the late Charles Reade; and the "Sunday Readings," all of which are of a high order. *The Sunday Magazine* has three serial stories, the most important of which is Miss Linskill's "In Exchange for a Soul." But to us its principal attraction lies in its other articles; its Biblical papers, its biographical and historical papers, and its philanthropic missionary and travel papers, are all first class in their own department, and specially adapted to the particular province which the very title of this magazine marks out for it. The "Sunday Evenings with the Children," all of which seem this year to be done by the Editor, have that remarkable freshness, simplicity, and beauty, which place them in our judgment above all similar productions.

The Century needs no recommendation of ours. It is in reality an ideal which our own magazines should strive to realize. It is difficult to understand how American publishers are able so far to distance their competitors on this side of the water in the general get-up of their publications. We certainly do not mean to undervalue any of our own magazines when we speak so strongly of the remarkable merit of a publication like *The Century*. Of course we cannot forget that the constituency to which an American magazine appeals is much larger than anything which an English publication can possibly command. The circulation of *The Century* or of *Harper's* is enough to make any English publisher envious, and as it seems to be impossible to rival it, we must be content for the present to recognize the superiority of America in this particular line. On the other hand we are bound to say that we know of no cheap American publication which can compare with those we have noticed above. It is in the line of high class illustrated magazines that the American specialty is found. *The English Illustrated* is the only one which has entered the field in competition, and it has doubtless achieved considerable success. But *The Century* is *facile princeps* in this class of illustrated magazines. What *The Century* is for adult readers, *St. Nicholas* is for children. It is charming throughout, and we can imagine few presents that would be more gratefully welcomed or more highly prized by an intelligent child than one of these volumes. *Our Darlings*, Edited by T. J. BARNARDO (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a golden treasury of pictures and stories for children. The contents are of a thoroughly interesting, and at the same time improving character. The editor shows great skill and ingenuity in adapting his magazine to the tastes and needs of young children. This thirteenth volume strikes us as being quite up to the high level of excellence reached by its predecessors.

The prominent features in the *Child's Pictorial* (S.P.C.K.) are of course its coloured illustrations. These, it is needless to say, impart a peculiar brightness to the magazine, and will be sure to make it a favourite with young children. The letterpress, too, is well up to the

mark both in subject matter and in style. The stories are well written, and often serve to point a useful moral.

The Child's Companion (R.T.S.) is one of the oldest, and it is also one of the best, of children's magazines. In its own particular line we know of nothing to equal it. It is an admirable companion for a child and as suitable for Sunday as for weekday reading. *Our Little Dots*, pretty pictures and stories for little girls and boys (R.T.S.) is a charming book for infants, and is sure to be a favourite in the nursery.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

In the Dashing Days of Old, by GORDON STABLES, R.N., M.D. (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a thorough boys' book, with plenty of dash and not too much sentiment. It records the world-wide adventures of a young midshipman during the war between France and England at the beginning of the present century. As might be expected, it is full of life and go, and what is more, it is wholly free from anything of an objectionable character. It is distinctly religious in its tone and spirit, and its piety is of that manly and robust type which cannot be too highly commended, especially in books for boys. While many of the chapters are occupied with accounts of fighting, there is nothing in them to encourage an unhealthy love of war, and there is everything to foster a hatred of all that is low and mean and selfish. *In Convent Walls: the Story of the Despensers*, by EMILY SARAH HOLT (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a book of quite a different stamp, but it is equally estimable in its own line. It is another of those historical tales with which Miss Holt is wont to regale her readers at this season, and forms a kind of sequel to a former tale entitled "In all Time of our Tribulation." Like all Miss Holt's tales it is not told simply for the sake of the story. It is designed to bring out the lesson which is taught by the awful Nemesis which came upon Isabella of France and the chief partner of her guilt, Sir Roger Mortimer. The story is well told, and is written in a tender and sympathetic spirit. *His Adopted Daughter: or a Quiet Valley*, by AGNES GIBERNE (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a touching and beautiful story, showing how true peace comes through struggle and through suffering. Joan Brooke, being abandoned in her infancy by her mother, who had contracted a runaway marriage in opposition to the wishes of her parents, is found by George Rutherford in a Welsh valley, and being adopted by him, is treated in all respects as if she were his own daughter. The keen conflict between the sense of duty and affection which raged in the breasts of both mother and daughter when the former returned to her father's home, and its happy result in their final reconciliation to each other, are very effectively described. The story will enhance the high reputation of

its authoress. *Right Onward, or Boys and Boys*, by ISMAEL THORNE (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a story for boys and about boys. The title sufficiently indicates its main drift and purport. It introduces us into the little world of a boys' school, and brings before us the different types of character which are to be found in it. It is designed to show the kind of temptation to which a boy at school may be exposed, and it shows the necessity of having a good Christian principle in order to contend successfully against them.

Bird Stories Old and New, told in Picture and Prose, by HARRISON WEIR (S.P.C.K.), is a charming book on birds, written by one who has evidently made himself thoroughly conversant by reading and by observation with their characteristics and habits. The stories, which are collected from a great variety of sources, are as instructive as they are amusing. The pictorial illustrations add not a little to the usefulness and attractiveness of the volume.

For the Temple, by G. A. HENTY (Blackie and Son), is a story of the Fall of Jerusalem. Mr. Henty has followed the narrative of Josephus, who was an eyewitness of the events here described, and has given us an exceedingly vivid and faithful picture of one of the most memorable sieges in history. Incidentally he gives us much useful information concerning the Holy Land and its inhabitants, as they were at the time to which the story belongs. The book is beautifully got up, and will form an admirable gift-book for boys. *Sir Walter's Ward: a Tale of the Crusades*, by WILLIAM EVERARD (Blackie and Son), is about a youth who left his home at Waldschloss, in Germany, in order to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. The places he visited, the persons he encountered, and the various adventures he met with on the road, supply the materials for a thoroughly interesting, if not very exciting, story. The spirit of the book is excellent, and its literary style is certainly above the average. *A Garland for Girls*, by LOUISA M. ALCOTT (Blackie and Son), consists of a number of short stories, each of which bears the name and illustrates the symbolical meaning of some particular flower. The idea is an ingenious one, and it is worked out with considerable skill.

Winning his Laurels, by F. M. HOLMES (J. Nisbet and Co.), is one of those tales of schoolboy life which seldom fail to please and likewise to profit those for whom they are written. Reggie, the hero of this story, is a fine manly character, always ready to protect the smaller boys from bullies and to help them alike in their lessons and their play. Such being the case, it is no wonder that he was a favourite amongst them, and rose ultimately to be the head of the school. In *The Fugitives, or the Tyrant Queen of Madagascar*, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, with illustrations (J. Nisbet and Co.), Mr. Ballantyne has taken the incidents connected with the terrible persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar during the early part

and middle of the present century, and has woven them into a story of no ordinary interest and value. The facts related are amongst the most striking to be found in the annals either of ancient or modern times. They belong to the romance of missions, and the bare recital of them cannot fail to move the hearts and to kindle the imagination of the young. The attractive form in which they are here presented gives to them an additional charm.

Sukie's Boy, by SARAH TYTLER, with Four Illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton), is one of those quiet stories of domestic life in which Miss Tytler's skill as a novelist is most strikingly displayed. Out of comparatively slender materials she has managed to weave a thoroughly interesting and instructive tale. The various persons introduced into the story afford abundant scope for the exercise of her peculiar power in the delineation of character. The portraits, both of Sukie and Sukie's boy, who may be regarded as the heroine and hero respectively, are exceedingly well drawn, while that of Mrs. Miles is equally good in its own line. The book is pure in spirit and tone, and is likely to be very healthful in its influence.

Cost what it May. A story of Cavaliers and Roundheads. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK. (Hodder and Stoughton.) We have read this story with much pleasure, and can heartily recommend it to our readers as a vivid and faithful picture of certain phases in the inner life of the nation during the great Civil War in the reign of Charles I. The plot, which is more elaborate than is customary in one volume stories, is a deeply interesting one, and is well worked out. Paul Mazzini, the wily and unscrupulous Jesuit priest, bent upon attaining his ends at whatever cost, is a powerful and life-like character, and his dark schemes for the aggrandizement of his church may be taken as a specimen of the kind of thing which went on in numbers of homes during that troublous period in our history. Hew Dalgettie, the Puritan fanatic; Serjeant Bend-the-Knee, an officer in Cromwell's army; and Sir Valentine, the cavalier knight, and his daughter; with the hero, Mark Hayward, are all typical characters, and are portrayed with considerable fidelity and insight.

In *Little Peter* (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) the author of that powerful tale, "Colonel Enderby's Wife," has shown an equal skill in catering for the wants of children. "Little Peter," indeed, may be read with great advantage by elder people, but its simplicity, its pure sentiment, its healthy teachings, and its interesting story render it peculiarly suitable for children. They are sure to be attracted by the tale of the little boy, with his companion the cat, and his weird-like friend the charcoal burner. It has our word of hearty commendation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Oxford Bible for Teachers. (Henry Frowde.) It is impossible to speak too highly of the service which Mr. Henry Frowde has rendered to teachers in his admirable edition of the Bible. The helps by which the texts are accompanied are simply invaluable. For ourselves we frequently find it an advantage to have a book in which is a condensed concordance, and have found that for the purpose of casual reference it meets all the necessities of the case. But besides the concordance, we have a subject index, a summary of the different books, general notes on the New and Old Testaments bringing together in compact form the very kind of information which teachers need, a number of really excellent maps, which add greatly to the value of the work. No Sunday-school teacher ought to be without it. It may fairly be described as the Sunday School Teacher's *vade mecum*. There are two new and larger editions which are simply models of typological excellence.

The Bible—Revised Version. (Oxford University Press, Cambridge University Press.) The publishers have acted wisely in reducing the prices of the Revised Version. An excellent copy of the entire Bible may now be had for eighteen-pence, and other editions have been reduced in a corresponding degree. The Revised Version has not had justice done to it. It is a curious fact that even amongst those who profess the most devout reverence for the Bible, that reverence should take the form of devotion to the Authorized Version. Surely it is not contended that King James's translators were inspired, and so inspired as to overcome the difficulties of the imperfect scholarship and the comparatively uncertain text of the period in which they lived. The more absolute the belief in the Divine origin and authority of the Bible, the more anxious should be the desire to know what it is that the Bible says; yet strange to tell, it is just those whose reverence for the book is most profound who are most jealous about changes which they should welcome as enabling them better to understand the Divine record. The price has interfered with the circulation, and therefore we rejoice in the reduction.

Seth's Brother's Wife. A novel. By HAROLD FREDERIC. In two Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) This is a thoroughly American story, and happily is not one of those which occupy themselves solely with an analysis of feeling and emotion. The author has an actual story to tell, and he knows how to tell it. What is better still, it has about it a freshness and life which must interest a large class of readers. The scene is laid in the interior of the New York State, and we are introduced to a number of unfamiliar characters and to a primitive style of thought and life. The farm and its tenants, the newspaper office of a second-rate country town with the editor and his staff, the political

machine and its boss, are all brought into the story, and help to give us some realistic views of life in regions little visited by tourists, and hardly known to the outside world. The plot itself is exceedingly good, and seems intended to show how even in the quietest scenes of a life that seems in itself simple and innocent, most violent passions may be at work, and the most dramatic incidents may occur. The contrast between the city and the country, and the characters developed under the influence of both respectively are very well done. Altogether the book is full of promise, and if it be the production of a new writer we may hope he will do even better work.

Country Luck. By JOHN HABBERTON. (Chatto and Windus.) This is another American story from the pen of a writer who won considerable popularity by his well-known tale of "Helen's Babies." It is, too, somewhat in the vein of that extremely clever book, and in its own line is not less entertaining. The hero is what on this side of the Atlantic we should call a country bumpkin, who is sent by his father, a prosperous farmer, to New York, in the hope of pushing his fortune there by the help of a family who had passed their summer at his farm. The prospect does not seem very inviting or promising. But the young man has much higher qualities than his class generally possess, and on the other hand his friends suddenly develop kindness and consideration for which we were hardly prepared. The picture of his early difficulties is very amusing, and, indeed on the whole, it may be said that the author has got hold of a capital idea, and has shown great ability in working it out.

Next of Kin. By E. J. WORBOISE. (J. Clarke and Co.) *Paul and Christina.* By A. E. BARR. (J. Clarke and Co.) The amiable and Christian author of the first of these books has passed away from us, and this volume is the last in the long series of stories which her prolific pen has produced. It is possible to detect in it signs of failing power, which, however, may have been due quite as much to the length and variety of her labours as to any physical disease. Still, the book shows a considerable ingenuity in the construction of the plot, and is pervaded throughout by that high-toned principle which was characteristic of all Miss Worboise's works. Had she been a High Church writer and advocated views fashionable in society, she would have found a recognition which has been denied to her as a Nonconformist. It is only fair to say of her stories that they always sought to promote a true religious spirit and life, and that the religion they advocated was broad in its sympathies and practical in its character, and not a piece of mere ecclesiasticism. Mrs. Barr has here given us another of those bright clever stories by which she has already secured for herself a high literary position. She is never more at home than among the humble folk of some fisher-village in the North of Scotland. It is in a place of this kind that the scene of her present story is wholly laid, and there is about it an air of life and realism which gives it a

singular charm. We feel as if we knew the people and were in the midst of them.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran send us two of the most exquisite Christmas books of the season. In both there is a happy combination of poetry and art, the former being selected with taste, while the latter illustrates some of its most striking points. The contrast between such books as these and the "Keepsake," or "Books of Beauty," or other annuals of the past, is very marked, and shows how great the advance in the way of culture which the last thirty years have seen. The various publications of the season are an education in art, and among them are none which impress us more favourably than these two issues from one of the oldest and most respected houses in the trade. *Through the Year* makes a favourable impression by its artistic exterior, and this is sustained by each successive page. If we were to single out any for special commendation, we should choose the beautiful illustration of Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may," or the charming picture of a little girl "In Summer-time," but it seems invidious to particularize where all have so much merit. *Treasures of Art and Song* is a book of the same class, but of even higher character than its companion. There is not a page in it on which the eye may not linger with satisfaction. The title is happily chosen and well deserved. Mr. Robert Mack is the editor, and he has shown great judgment in his selection, and in the happy wedding of the verses and their illustrative pictures.

How I Reached the Masses. By Rev. CHARLES LEACH, F.G.S. (James Nisbet & Co.) Mr. Leach certainly has reached the masses, and if he can give to others the secret he will be rendering a great service. But is there such a secret? Mr. Leach gives us "two cases which strikingly illustrate the readiness with which the people will flock to hear the scholarly man who is learned enough to understand the truth himself, and who knows how to put it intelligently before others." These are Dr. Dale and Mr. Clarkson; but we are not very much helped by learning that Dr. Dale can crowd Carr's Lane Chapel every Sunday evening, and that when Mr. Clarkson throws open his chapel to all comers, as he does on Sunday evenings once a month, he always has very large congregations. We should expect nothing less, and indeed should be surprised were it otherwise. But this does not give us very much help unless we can be assured that the people attracted are from the lower strata of society, and from the classes that habitually neglect public worship. There is nothing wonderful in the fact that the man with power to interest and instruct can command audiences. What we do want to know is, how the multitudes of the class who assemble in Trafalgar Square, or which march to Westminster Abbey, are to be attracted in the ordinary course of the ministry? In Mr. Leach's view it is comparatively easy. He says, "Should this little book fall into the hands of any man, minister

or layman, to whom God has given a consuming desire to help men, together with a fair knowledge of human nature as seen in daily life, or a happy way of putting God's truth before others, I would say to him, make the attempt to reach the masses. Shape out a course for yourself, not wait for an opening—make one. Go out where men are. With a story to tell, with a message of love from God, and with the Spirit's presence, I don't see how you can fail." If any are disposed to take this advice without consideration, we can only advise them, and we most emphatically do it, Don't. The truth is, we are already overrun with people who fancy that if they can only stand up and keep their mouths open and their tongues going, they will succeed in interesting the people. There can be no greater blunder than to suppose that every man who has a simple faith and a warm heart can gather and interest a congregation. Mr. Leach speaks very modestly of himself. He says, "A Unitarian minister met me in Birmingham streets one day, and said, 'I say, Leach, how is it all these people wildly run after you? How do you manage to lay hold of them? Tell us how you do it. What is the secret of your success? I can't understand it. There is nothing special about you.' I turned away, thankful that once in my life I had met a man who was not afraid to tell me the truth to my face." In this point we differ from Mr. Leach. There is something special about him, as the book sufficiently shows. He has, to begin with, intense sympathy, and that sympathy itself furnishes him with the key to men's hearts. There is neither brilliancy nor originality in the addresses which are here re-issued, but there is good sense, there is directness and clearness of speech, there is considerable tact, and above all, there is a warm and sympathetic heart. These are the qualities which make success. The man must be possessed with his message so as to make others feel that his great object is to deliver it. This is, in fact, what Mr. Leach has done. He has made the people feel that his aim is not to exalt himself, but to serve his Master and do good to them. The little book is one of considerable interest as the record of a remarkable work and its results.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has two capital books on fairy-land. The first is *The Brownies—their Book*, in which the mischievous doings of these elves are told in flowing rhyme, and illustrated with amusing pictures, which are sure to be very acceptable with our little people. The popularity of the second volume of *Fairy Tales from Brentano* is almost assured beforehand by the success of the previous volume. These stories are written in the same vein, and are marked by the same high qualities. Their quaint humour and entertaining incident must certainly make them attractive. Mr. Unwin has also published a new edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, in which the text has been carefully revised and compared with the original, and is illustrated by twenty capital engravings.

A Short Introduction to the History of Ancient Israel. By Rev. A. W. OXFORD, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin.) The author of this little book lays no claim to originality. It is simply "an attempt to present concisely the results of the modern criticism of the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings." In short, it is mainly a compilation from some standard German works on the subject. Like all skeletons, it is of necessity dry and uninviting in its character, but it may prove useful to students.

The Divinity of Christ. By the Rev. ALEX. STEWART, LL.D. (Aberdeen: D. Wyllie and Son.) This is a reply to a Unitarian attack on the Divinity of our Lord. Those who read the assertions of the writer's opponent as contained in this volume will doubtless come to the conclusion that he was not worth the powder and shot which are here expended upon him. But Dr. Stewart's aim has been not simply "to show the futility of the objections urged against the essential divinity of Jesus Christ, but to furnish positive evidence of an express and decided character in favour of the supreme and essential divinity of the Saviour." His book is not only a vigorous and trenchant exposure of the fallacies of his antagonist, it is a clear and convincing presentation of the positive truth in relation to the Godhead of Christ. The author has both a wide knowledge and a good grip of his subject, and shows himself thoroughly competent for the task which he has here undertaken.

Present Day Tracts on the non-Christian Philosophies of the Age. (R.T.S.) The tracts included in this volume are "Christianity and Secularism, compared in their influence and effects," by Rev. Prof. BLACKIE, D.D.; "Agnosticism and Doctrine of Despair," by the Rev. NOEL PORTER, D.D. and Ph.D.; "Modern Materialism," by the late Rev. W. F. WILKINSON, M.A.; "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer Examined," by the Rev. Prof. JAMES IVERACH, M.A.; "Modern Pessimism," by Rev. Prof. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.; "Utilitarianism an Illogical and Irreligious System of Morals," by Rev. Prof. R. THOMSON, M.A.; "Auguste Comte and the Religion of Humanity," by Rev. Prof. R. THOMSON, M.A.; and "Ethics of Evolution Examined," by Rev. Prof. J. IVERACH, M.A. The various topics are treated with great acumen and force, by men thoroughly competent to deal with them. The book as a whole forms a valuable arsenal from which Christian preachers and teachers may obtain abundant ammunition for the conflict they may have to wage against the unbelief and scepticism of the times. Any one who should master the contents of this volume, would be well furnished for the work both of combating error and of "commending the truth to the minds of earnest and honest inquirers."

Scripture Natural History. By W. H. GROSER, B.Sc. (R.T.S.) This is a learned and instructive treatise on the trees and plants mentioned in the Bible. It is interesting on its own account, and it

has especial interest because of the help which it gives to the understanding of the Scriptures. We gladly welcome all such applications of science to the study of the Bible, feeling sure that they will but serve to throw additional light on the Word of God. Ministers and Sunday School teachers will find the book extremely useful.

The King's Message, and other Addresses. A Book for the Young. By J. H. WILSON, D.D. (J. Nisbet and Co.) Among the host of books containing addresses for children and for young people, the new volume by Dr. Wilson is well fitted to take a high rank. It seems to us to fulfil the conditions necessary to make such a work useful and effective. Dr. Wilson is evidently well in touch with the younger members of his flock, and knows how to speak to them in a simple and yet at the same time striking and forcible style. The addresses are admirable specimens of what productions of the kind should be, pithy, pointed, and practical, and abounding in anecdotes and illustrations. We commend them, not only to the young people to whom they are primarily addressed, but also "to parents, Sunday School teachers, and others, who address children's meetings, or take part otherwise in work among children."

The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus. By Rev. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.) This is an interesting and valuable *resumé* of all the known facts concerning the Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus. Dr. Robinson has drawn his materials from all available sources, and has so arranged them as to throw much fresh light on many passages of the Bible which require explanation and illustration to make them clear and intelligible to the minds of ordinary readers.

The Story of John Marbeck: His Work and his Reward. By EMMA MARSHALL. (J. Nisbet and Co.) John Marbeck, the hero of this story, was a Windsor organist, who employed his leisure time in making a concordance to the Bible, an act for which he was arrested, tried, and condemned to the stake in the reign of Henry VIII., and only escaped through the intercession of a friend. The story is well worth telling, and it is brightly and pleasantly told.

Three Friends of God, by FRANCES DEVAN (J. Nisbet and Co.), contains brief records from the lives of John Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, Henry Suse. The writer has made no attempt to write complete biographies of these three Friends of God, her object being simply to present them to the minds of her readers under the one aspect of their direct personal intercourse with God. While they had not of course attained to the degree of enlightenment which Protestants have now reached, being more or less tinged with Romish errors, they evidently lived up to the light which God gave them, and often showed a warmth of love and a glow of devotion which Christians in this age would do well to emulate.

